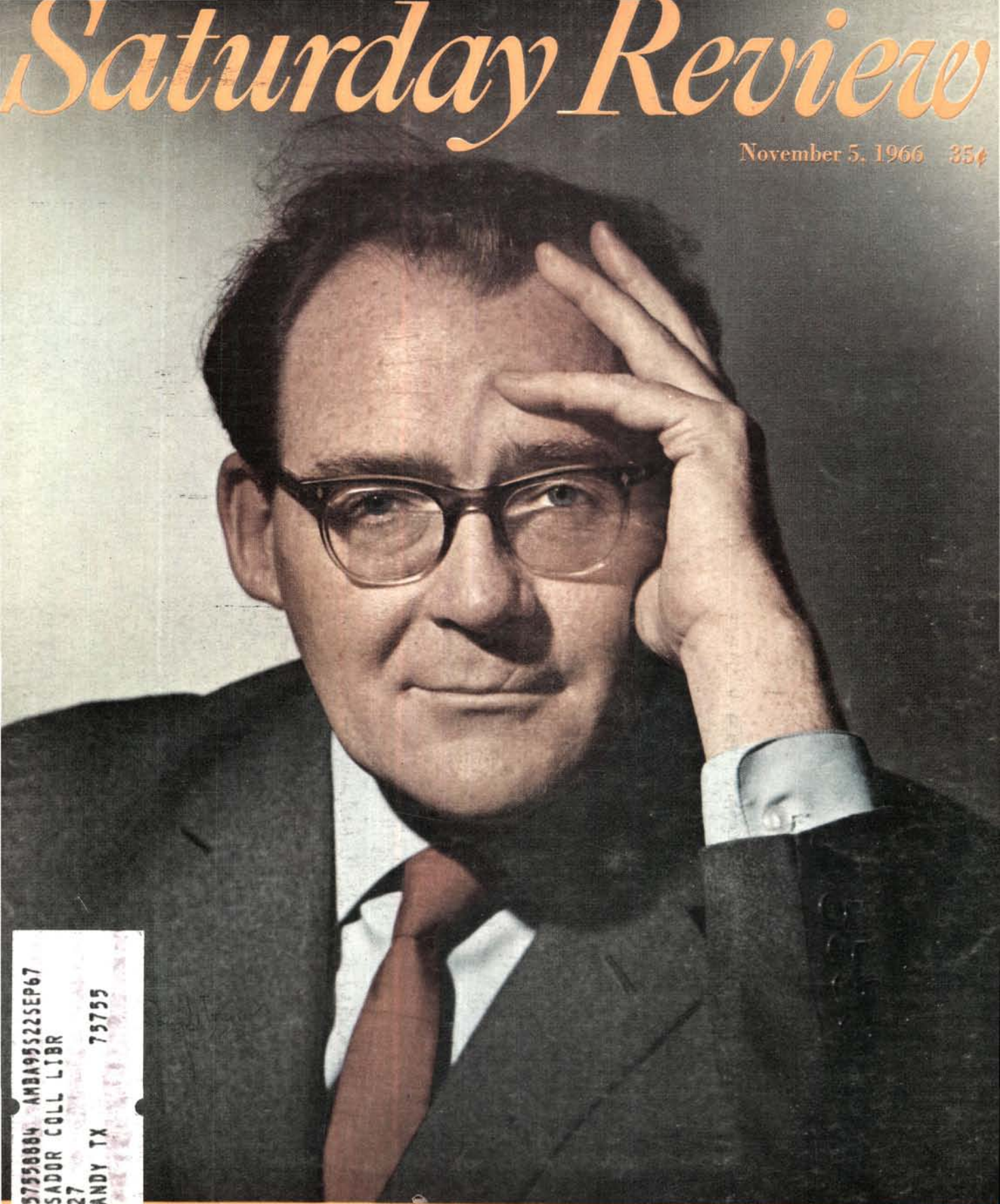
Saturday Review

November 5, 1966 35¢



John Maddox, New Editor of the British Journal "Nature" (See Science)

THE VOLCANO THAT SHAPED THE WESTERN WORLD, by John Lear

POSITION PAPERS: MY HOPES FOR THE DEMOCRATS, by Senator Eugene J. McCarthy

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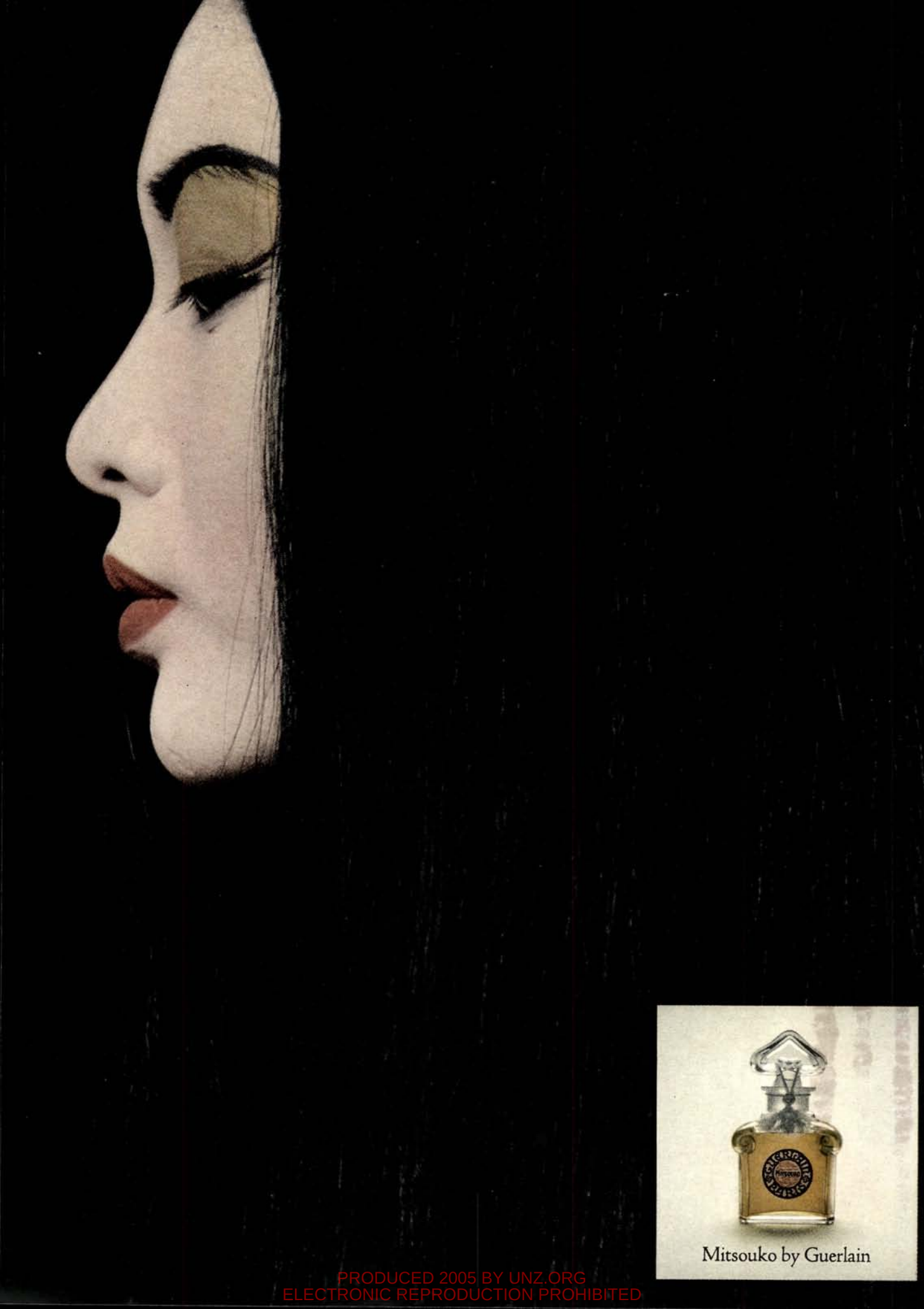

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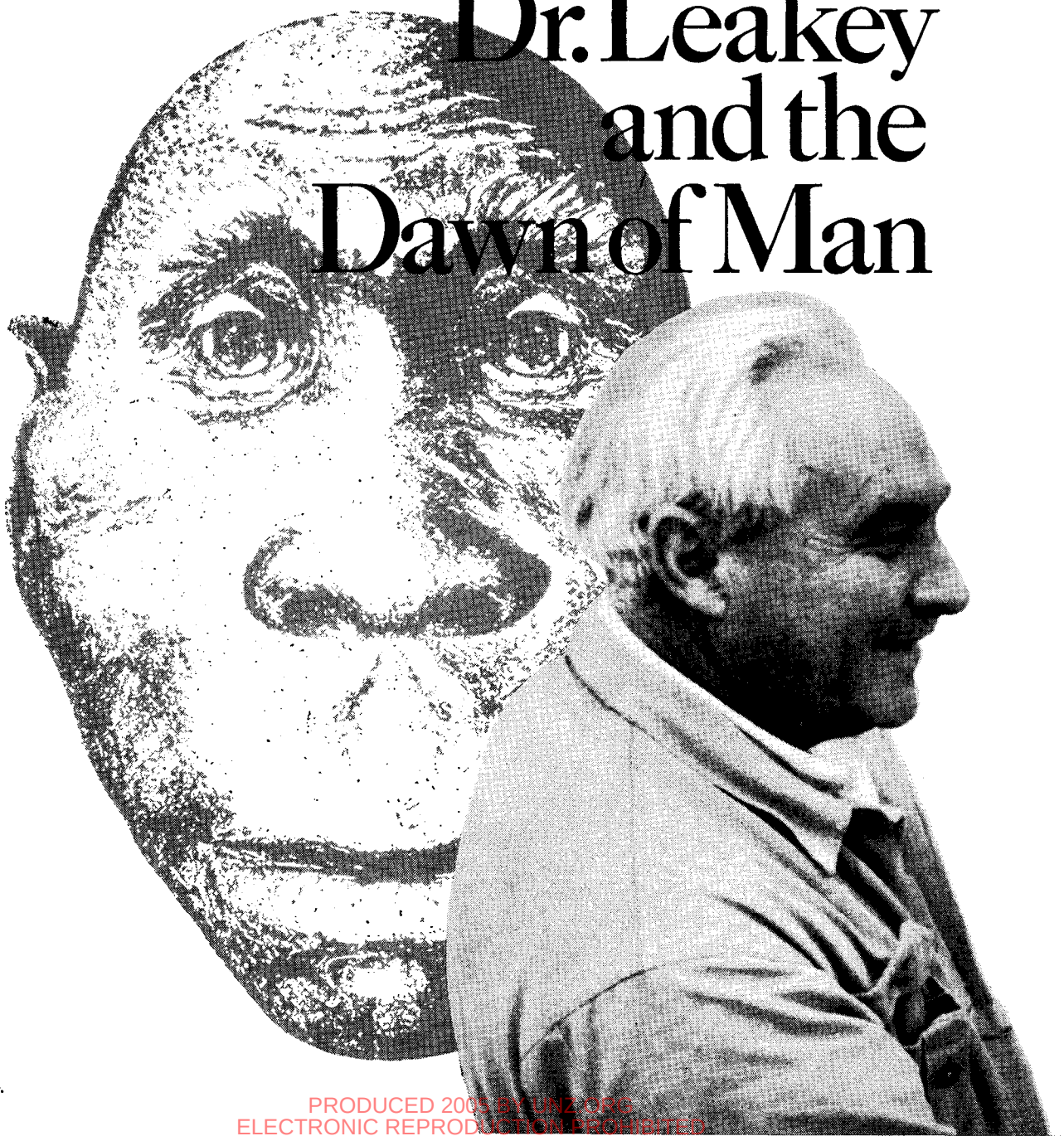
In color, this Saturday, CBS 2

A filmed report of the momentous discovery of a new species of primitive human being will be broadcast in color over the CBS Television Network. It is the first of a series of four special programs to be presented this season in cooperation with the National Geographic Society.

The bones of the new species, Homo habilis, were unearthed by the noted anthropologist, Dr. Louis Leakey, at Olduvai Gorge, Tanzania, East Africa—a discovery that may revolutionize all previous theories concerning man's early ancestors. Dr. Leakey retraces the exciting circumstances of his "find" at the excavation site.

Subsequent broadcasts in the National Geographic series will examine "The Hidden World" of insect life; an American family's "dream" vacation in Alaska; the transatlantic voyage of Captain and Mrs. Irving Johnson in their ketch, "Yankee."

Dr. Leakey and the Dawn of Man



6 National Geographic Society.

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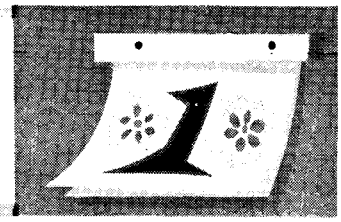
First of the Month



OCTOBER WAS the month of the Orioles and the Orient, of Hurricane Inez and Indonesia, of high camp and low campaigning. It was also the month when President Johnson said that 1966 had been a very good year. He didn't say for whom.

• • •

The President declared that there had "never been a better year than 1966" and that he thought 1967 would be "equally good." At that rate, by our figuring, 1968 ought to be practically perfect. And if it's not, well, look at it this way—it's an even-numbered year. And destitution and distress, the late Alva Johnston once noted, vary in geometric proportion to the proximity of even-numbered years in doubtful states.

• • •

A stock market debacle in October left many questions unanswered. But one thing is certain. If the recession was indeed a kind of depression, it had the honor of being the first man-made depression in history with no lower prices, lower wages, or even any large unemployment. As for the Poverty Program, we wondered if it would be possible, as part of the program, to bus people out to look at all the HELP WANTED signs.

• • •

On Wall Street, there were many stories about how the mutual funds were now investing in "cash"—which seemed, at least, an easy way to make their salaries, if not their decisions. Our favorite story, though, was the story of Wall Street's famed "Chinaman"—the highly publicized Manhattan Funder who bought so heavily into glamour stocks. His name is Gerald Tsai. After the crash, they were calling Mr. Tsai by a new name—Tsai-gone.

• • •

SIGNS OF THE TIMES: According to *Insiders Newsletter*, a Chicago manufacturer is offering, for the executive who wants an office with a view, a two-by-three-foot photograph, in a window frame, of Madison Avenue. The framed view, the company claims, has two advantages over the real thing—it is glare-proof and jump-proof. Meanwhile, in Pittsburgh, employees of the Rockwell Manufacturing Company won't be surprised if, upon retirement, they receive instead of the traditional gold watch watchmaking kits. At the age of sixty-three, each Rockwell employee now is given equipment—$10 worth for each year of service—to pursue his chosen hobby.

• • •

The most incredible story of the month concerned Alain Zick, chef at Paris's Relais de Porquerolles restaurant—the man who, when his restaurant was omitted from the new edition of the *Guide Michelin*, committed suicide. Somehow the story of *M*. Zick recalled our recent meeting in Chicago with Mr. Louis Szathmary, chef of Chicago's famous Bakery Restaurant. Among other things Mr. Szathmary is one of the world's leading authorities on the history not only of cookery but also of chefery. And not long ago Mr. Szathmary found a cookbook compiled in Germany in 1387—one which he believes to be not only the first book which ever had a copyright but also one which has a copyright from the Holy Roman Emperor himself.

Of even more interest than this to Mr. Szathmary, however, was that he found in reading the book that the chef of the Holy Roman Emperor had the rank of Count, sat with the Emperor at the same table, and ate his meals with him. Warming to his studies, Mr. Szathmary also found, in other books, that at that time the physician of the Holy Roman Emperor had to live outside the city, could only enter the Emperor's household through the back door, and could not "raise his face up to the Emperor's eyes." This, as Mr. Szathmary points out, must have caused the physician considerable difficulty when treating his patient for such an ailment as, say, pinkeye.

Moreover, he notes, nowadays the positions of the chef and physician are reversed. The President's physician dines with the President, while the President's chef uses the back door. (In fact, Mr. Szathmary noted, he recently used the back door out.)

"Why?" Mr. Szathmary wanted to know. Why did the status of the chef go down and the status of the physician come up? And then he answered his own question. "We are," he declared, "the only profession in the world which is not organized, where there are no standards, and where everybody is jealous of the idiotic little secrets that he thinks

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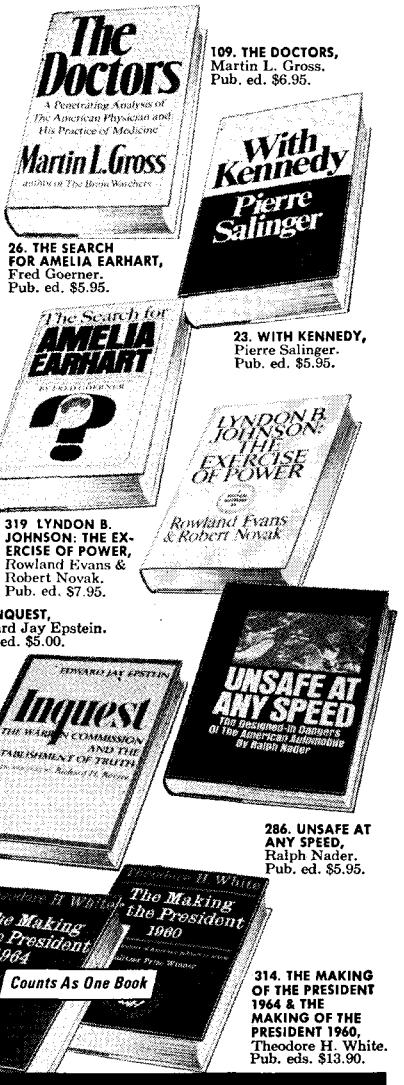

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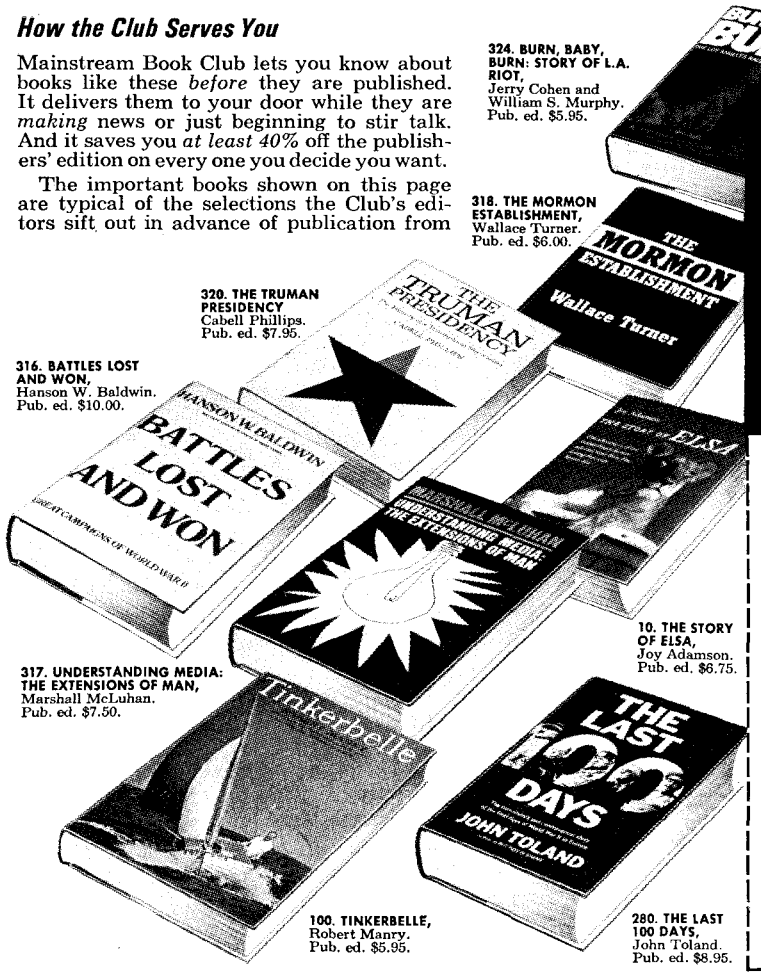

324. BURN, BABY, BURN: STORY OF L.A. RIOT, Jerry Cohen and William S. Murphy. Pub. ed. $5.95.

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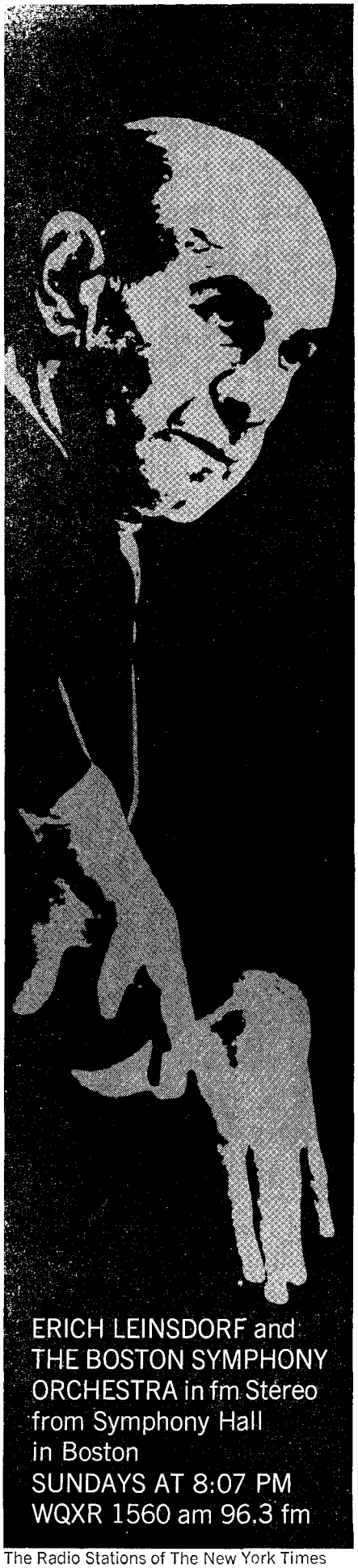


The Radio Stations of The New York Times

he has—all because of the chef's own insecurity."

After talking with Mr. Szathmary, we got to thinking about other professions which have, with the physicians, gone up in status—among them maitre d's, captains, and waiters; and other professions which have, with the chefs, gone down—among them paying customers in restaurants.

It remained, however, for a poet, Owen Meredith, to make the chef immortal:

> We may live without poetry, music, and art.
> We may live without conscience and live without heart.
> We may live without friends, we may live without books,
> But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

• • •

Elsewhere on the eating scene, our favorite story of the month was the saga of Leon Samson, the twenty-eight-year-old "strong man" of Ballarat, Australia. Mr. Samson, who bills himself as "the man with the steel stomach," recently made a $22,000 wager that he could, within five years, eat an automobile. A family-sized car, too. Already Mr. Samson has consumed one front fender, one tire, and one carburetor—and he figures he is right on schedule.

The way *we* figure it, Mr. Samson may not only be the man the automobile companies have been looking for to cure their business difficulties, but he's also potentially a mighty weapon to have to help rid the countryside of all those unsightly automobile graveyards.

• • •

Finally, you may recall from last month's column the remarkable headlines we reported to you from various "national" scandal sheets. Since that time a reader has called to our attention, from *Limelight*, perhaps the most remarkable headline of all: YOU CAN HAVE SEX BEYOND THE GRAVE. In other words, death, where is thy sting?

• • •

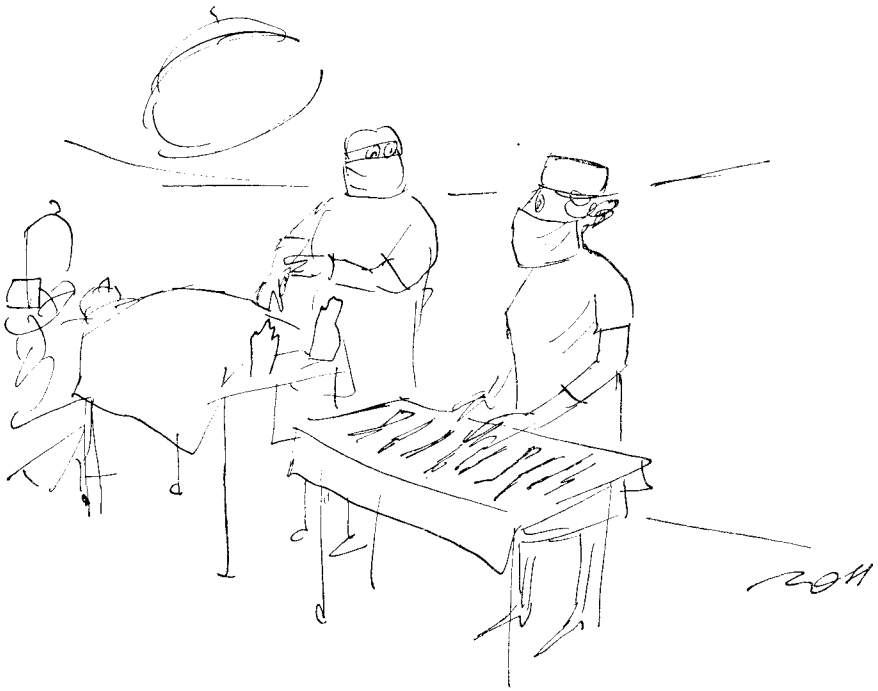
Then there was the story of a seventy-two-year-old New Delhi schoolteacher named Mali Yosi, who was working in his garden when "everything went black." Even though Mr. Mali was apparently deceased, the story went on, in about ninety minutes he was brought back "to life." And during that time he apparently made the most of things. "Around me," he says, "were women I'd known in my earthly life, women who had died years earlier. Suddenly, I was welcomed by a beautiful girl I'd been in love with in my early twenties . . . She took me by the hand, led me to a secluded glen—and we made love. . . .

"Later on," Mr. Mali continued, "I met an old friend of mine. He welcomed me to the afterworld and invited me to make love to his wife. . . .

"Naturally," concluded Mr. Mali, "I was shocked. But he explained that the morality I was used to on earth made no sense in heaven."

All of which seemed, for one month at least, Paradise enow.

—CLEVELAND AMORY.



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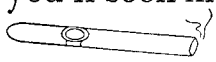
He starts right in with "Buon giorno" and, through a process as natural as an infant learning to speak, you'll soon know the difference between una pipa and un sigaro  . In fact, within five minutes you'll be saying a sentence as complicated as "Io preferisco la pipa al sigaro."

With the aid of objects, pictures, and a lot of body English, your instructor will have you speaking fluent Italian before you can say Giacomo Robinson.

Per esempio, nella foto you see un famoso actor italiano. He likes to parlare with amici and drink vino. But he doesn't like le macchine fotografiche. And if you read this once again, you'll probably understand every word.

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WHEN FIRST ISSUED by The Heritage Club, 20,000 copies of the boxed, three-volume edition of *The Arabian Nights* were quickly snapped up by members and other collectors of fine books. Out of print for twenty-one years, this exquisite set has become a legend in our time—unobtainable unless one is lucky enough to lay hands upon a copy in the rare book market.

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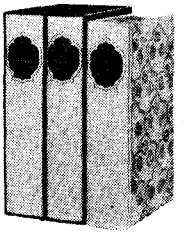

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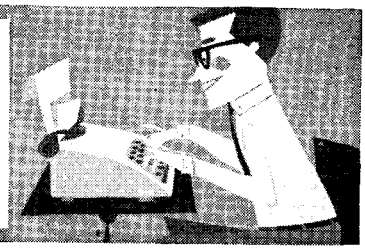
Top of My Head



Seeing Is Disbelieving

THIS IS the second rewrite of a piece intended to describe the state of television entertainment, 1966-67. I tore up the first two because they read like a father's castigation of a retarded child. A fifteen-year old retarded child. One who hasn't yet learned to speak intelligibly. It sits there and laughs a lot.

And it didn't take a laugh-track to demonstrate the hilarity of a full-page ad that appeared in the TV sections of local papers during the weeks of the new season's premieres. In juxtaposition to this ad were the reviews by the critics which hailed 1966-67 as the worst yet, while the ad proudly displayed a 25-inch color TV set in fine Traditional, Colonial, Mediterranean, Oriental, and Contemporary cabinets at only $799.99. Do you know how many good new movies you can see for that?

And, speaking of movies, research on one typical week's television programing by the creative network executives showed 125 old films, divided among the three networks and four local stations. NBC had fourteen, ABC had twenty-eight, and CBS had thirty.

NBC and ABC stay open nights till about 3 a.m. But CBS's last old movie goes on at 3:30 a.m. and sometimes even at 5 a.m. Following that the last item on the schedule at 6:25 a.m. is *Give Us This Day*—an abbreviation for "Give us this day our daily bread-and-butter old movies."

DURING the regular working hours of the day, CBS, of course, has other problems. The New York Yankee ball club is now owned by CBS—the Columbia Baseball System. Not only has the attendance at Yankee Stadium fallen off this year but the rating of the telecasts of the Yankee games has fallen below the rating for another New York team which also purports to play baseball: the Mets.

The CBS management has been sorely plagued to remedy this situation. First they tried what always works in TV shows—putting a laugh-track on the telecasts of Yankee games. The new baseball commissioner didn't think that was quite the thing.

So they did the next best thing—they fired Red Barber. Mr. Barber was one of the announcers. Not that I intend to hold up Mr. Barber, who often went too far afield from reporting the game, as the epitome of a baseball broadcaster. But Mr. Dan Topping, who was in charge of the club, said he used to watch the games at the stadium with a television and radio set at his side to hear what was going on. And what was going on and on was Mr. Barber.

Mr. Topping didn't seem to mind these expansive disquiparancies during all those years when the Yankees were winning. It's the old story of the poker game. When a player tells a funny story, the winners laugh and the losers say, "Deal the cards. What's holding up the game?"

Mr. Topping had figured to permit Mr. Barber to go on like that because it stood to reason that he would drive fans away from their TV sets to Yankee Stadium. But he didn't. At one of the games in late September there were some 400 rooters in the stands, a statistic about equivalent to the number of runs the team made all season.

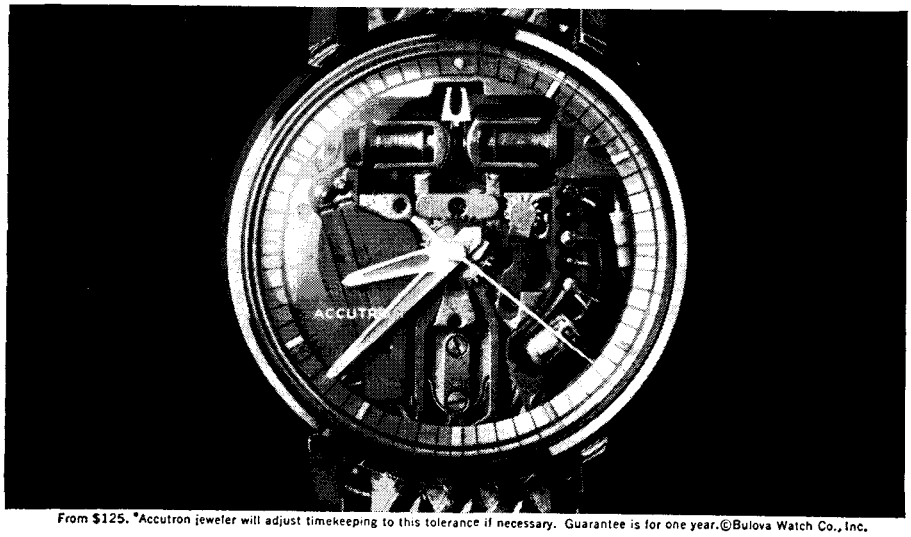
Meanwhile, back at Shea Stadium, the Mets were pulling in fans by the trainloads. They gave away bats. So, in desperation, the Yankees gave away bats. It made the tots happy, but the fans squirmed because the Yankee pitchers gave away hits and runs. And especially this year. What a time this would have been to be in the World Series. But how could the Yankees have known that the Dodgers were going to lose four straight?

Of course the Mets kept losing too. But their fans had something special going for them. They flocked to the park to see in what new way their darlings could lose a ball game on any given day.

But as a Yankee fan I am not downhearted. And I have utmost confidence that the creative men who operate CBS can recapture the glory and popularity the Yankees once enjoyed. Any broadcasting company that can make *Gilligan's Island* popular—I'm for them. Unless CBS is so intrigued with having all its TV shows high in the Nielsen rating that its executives are overjoyed to find that their Yankees finished in the top ten.

Somebody ought to tell them about that tenth place in the American League.

—GOODMAN ACE.



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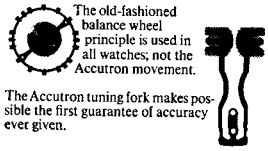
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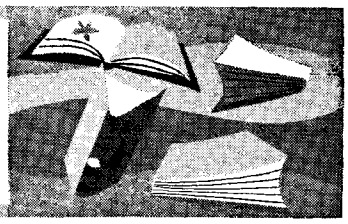
Trade Winds



A customer in Arizona recently ordered a number of books from the Scribner Book Store in New York and gave the following instructions: "If not at home, leave books in hole in sycamore tree in back yard."

The coming elections remind my father, for some reason, of the inauguration in 1909 of William Howard Taft as President. Pop was then the young editor of the weekly Hutchinson, Kansas, *Gazette,* and as the deadline approached he learned that the wires were down somewhere, due to blizzards, and that he would not get any news out of Washington. So he sat down and wrote the inauguration story off the top of his head. It filled the front page. The *Gazette* came out on time and the citizens of Hutchinson eagerly gobbled up the eyewitness accounts.

When the wires were repaired, my father learned that there were two newsworthy events he wished he had included. One was that Mrs. Taft broke precedent by riding to the White House with the new President after the ceremony. The other was that eleven-year-old Charlie Taft carried a copy of *Treasure Island.* He had told his sister, Helen, "This affair is going to be pretty dry, and I want something to read."

A man with many years of experience in publishing, Ray Freiman, and two young, bright associates, Howard Sinder and Marian Polizzi, have gone into business for themselves. One of their projects is to put together a course in the American Revolution for elementary schools.

Instead of "just another textbook," Freiman declares, he will supply the teacher and students (through Educational Services, Inc., of Cambridge, Massachusetts) with the materials which will, like a time machine, relocate them all in that era. Kits will include, among other things, pamphlets, facsimile letters, newspapers, diaries, magnetic tapes, slides, and mobiles.

One of the climactic lessons covers the Boston Tea Party. In it the students put on a play, taking the parts of Sam Adams, the governor, and other characters. Posters and handbills are issued before the day of the performance. The play takes place in the Green Dragon Tavern, the scenery being projected in the background by slides. The children read their lines for the first scene, but they have to

improvise the remaining two. From their study and participation in the Revolution they are supposed to end up by throwing the tea into the harbor.

(If they don't we're in trouble.)

The most famous magazine article of all time has been reprinted in the October issue of the *Reader's Digest.* It is "—And Sudden Death," by J. C. Furnas. It first appeared in the *Digest* in August 1935, and it shocked Americans with its gruesome, realistic descriptions of how people are maimed and killed in automobile accidents. There are lines such as ". . . it's difficult to identify a body with its whole face bashed in or torn off" and ". . . the insane crumpled effect of a child's body after its bones are crushed inward."

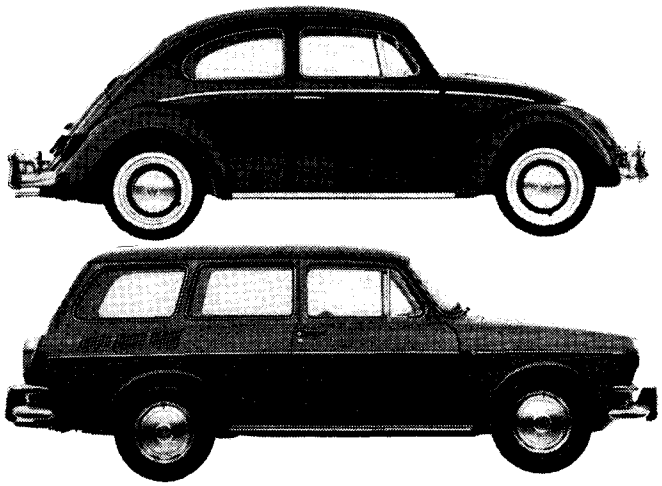
"—And Sudden Death" is tame in the violent Sixties. Besides, no one really wants to slow down, to take it easy, and to be polite. Even our leaders talk safety but drive like the voters. LBJ had not been in office long before he was reported to have driven 90 miles an hour, one-handed. Correspondent Laura Bergquist says the late President Kennedy "zoomed in and out of rush-hour traffic, ran red lights and screeched around corners." President Eisenhower permitted his cavalcade to move at outrageous speeds between the White House and Gettysburg.

Let's see, this ought to be a nonpartisan story, so I had better even it up by reminding you that President Grant was arrested for driving his carriage too fast on M Street one day, and it cost him the $20 bond.

Sharps and Flats: The last I heard, these people were working at The Equitable Trust Company, a bank in Baltimore: Virginia Thrift, assistant manager; Donna Doeller, teller; Evelyn Nickoles, teller; and Susie Sentz, teller.

► Someone said to a friend of E. L.

Pick up either Volkswagen in Europe.



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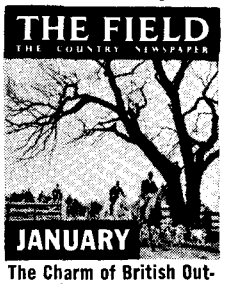

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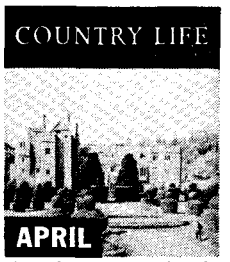

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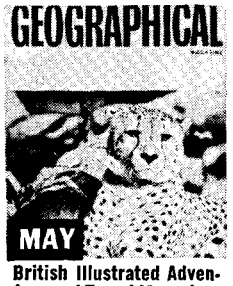

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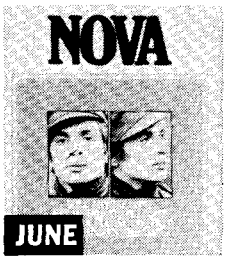

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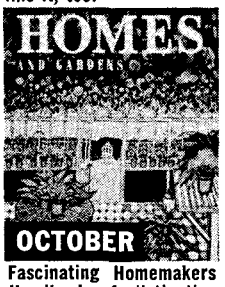

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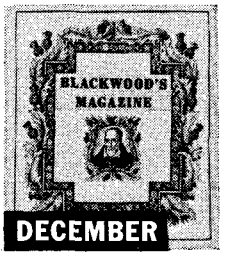

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Deckinger: "You're not the girl you used to be, and you never were."

► Despite the caption to that cartoon on page 20 of *SR*'s October 15 issue, it was the Rappahannock River, not the Potomac, across which Washington threw the silver dollar.

► History should be taught in reverse, starting with today and working back to 1815. As it is now, there are teen-agers with whom you can't discuss Guadalcanal, Roosevelt, the Depression, or Charles Lindbergh, because they haven't got that far. So the conversation hovers around such fascinating subjects as the Congress of Vienna or the Gadsden Purchase.

► Anne Nichols, author of *Abie's Irish Rose*, one of the legendary stage hits of theater history, died in September, causing journalists to repeat the myth that the show was panned by critics, yet went on to play 2,327 performances on Broadway. I once went to the New York Public Library and looked up the reviews; of about twenty, all but a couple were favorable.

► I love that commercial for *Fifty Great Moments in Music* in which Milton Cross says each selection is "up to three minutes long."

► I have at hand a four-page publication of Eastern Oregon College entitled "Fall Calander of Events."

► A Milwaukee *Sentinel* story about farm exhibits at the Wisconsin State Fair was headlined: DAYS OF SWINE AND ROSES.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NO. 1699)

(GRAHAM) BILLING:
FORBUSH AND (THE) PENGUINS

(Quotation suggested by Mrs. Everett St. John)

But now he could only stand quite still in the middle of the floor and wait. Any effort toward self-preservation was pointless in the face of this wind; it seemed the natural background to existence. "I suppose it's all something to do with adrenalin," he thought.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Archeology

INDOCHINA. By Bernard P. Groslier. World. $10.

AN INTRODUCTION TO AMERICAN ARCHEOLOGY, Volume I: North and Middle America. By Gordon R. Willey. Prentice-Hall. $16.95.

ONE PASSION, TWO LOVES: The Story of Heinrich and Sophia Schliemann, Discoverers of Troy. By Lynn and Gray Poole. Crowell. $6.95.

PERU. By Rafael Larco Hoyle. World. $10.

Crime, Suspense

ASHES IN AN URN. By Jan Roffman. Doubleday. $3.50.

EYES AT THE WINDOW. By George Selmark. Doubleday. $3.50.

Current Affairs

THE GROUND IS OUR TABLE. By Steve Allen. Doubleday. $3.95.

HEALTH IS A COMMUNITY AFFAIR: Report of the National Commission on Community Health Services. Harvard Univ. Press. Hardbound, $5. Paperback, $2.25.

POOR KIDS: A Report on Children in Poverty. By Alvin L. Schorr. Basic Books. $5.95.

A PROPHETIC MINORITY. By Jack Newfield. New American Library. $4.75.

A REPORTER IN MICRONESIA. By E. J. Kahn, Jr. Norton. $5.95.

THE SEARCHERS: Conflict and Communism in an Italian Town. By Beldon Paulson with Athos Ricci. Quadrangle. $6.95.

WHY VIETNAM? By Frank N. Trager. Praeger. $4.95.

Fiction

ALL NIGHT STAND. By Thom Keyes. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

AND SLEEP UNTIL NOON. By Gene Lees. Trident. $4.95.

BEN PRESERVE US. By Chaim Bermant. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $3.95.

THE EAGLE AND THE IRON CROSS. By Glendon Swarthout. New American Library. $4.95.

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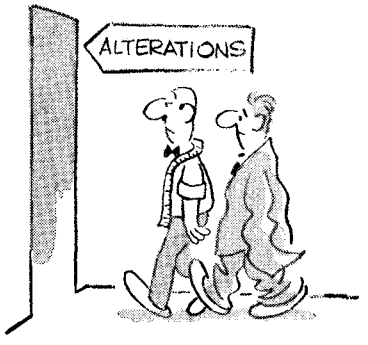

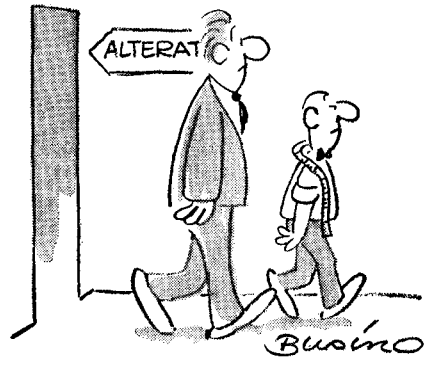

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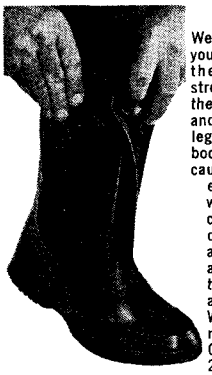

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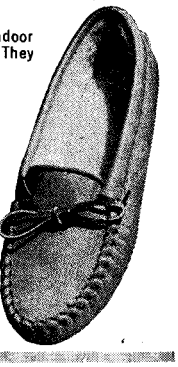

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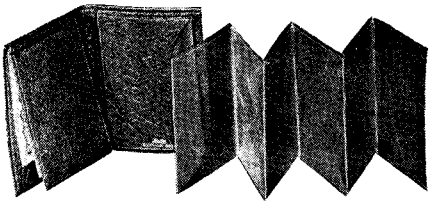

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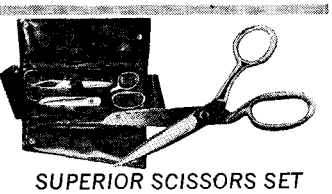

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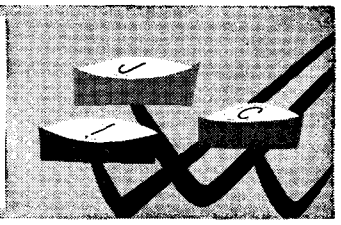
Manner of Speaking



The Slush Pile: Souls do rise to rapture in their hour, and that rapturous impulse is surely related to the best emotions Mankind can summon from itself and summon itself to, but when the rapture emerges as a poem, and when the poem is later mailed to an editorial office, then what began as a soul's cry becomes one of many manuscripts in the "slush pile," which is to say, the editorial accumulation of unsolicited manuscripts.

No man's soul will be gladdened to learn that it took wing only to drop a manuscript into something called a slush pile. Yet even the purest cantor of immortal song, were he to achieve a moment of dispassion, might be willing to grant that any large accumulation of unsolicited manuscripts (his own, of course, excepted) is likely to run low grade in the assay.

Let souls have the comfort of knowing that editors do depend on their slush piles. With no more than a one-in-a-hundred exception, for example, all of *SR*'s poems come out of the slush pile, and I should guess that something like 15 or 20 per cent of them have been by poets whose work I did not know until I met it in the slush pile.

Nor is *SR* unique in this. I know of one large-circulation "slick" that engages an agency to read its slush pile under a contract that requires the agency to produce a specified number of publishable pages annually. I take that contract to be any writer's warrant that he will be read hopefully. The agency's readers will like nothing better than to find a piece that will help get them off the contractual hook.

There still remains the fact that most of the stuff in the slush pile is obviously bad. And there then rises the question: How long should any editor read after he is sure that there is nothing there for him?

That question is raised for me by the Reverend George L. Kress, minister of St. Mark's United Presbyterian Church of Forest Hills, Florence, Alabama. Mr. Kress had been watching Educational Television, to the current delinquency of which I contributed about a year ago when Producer Lane Slate came around to shoot a film about me as part of a series grandly entitled *The Creative Person.*

I had once worked with Lane Slate at CBS and he is, let me say, good news to any conversation. The Ciardis had a great week of Slate-on-the-premises and were sorry to see him go. The kids ate breakfast on camera and then slammed off to school, all in happy good behavior. Judith fixed pancakes for them in such lounging duds and in such a hairdo as no morning of this world has known. (And can it matter that the breakfast sequence was shot at 4 p.m. and that the pancakes dripped when they came off the griddle?) Meanwhile, I recorded miles of tape, Slate's crew shot miles of film, and what came out when all those miles were snipped, edited, and then fed together strikes me as a fair enough look at whatever was being looked at.

ONE of the things that was being looked at was the not-so-creative editor sitting in his *SR* office rejecting poems, and it is to that sequence Mr. Kress addresses a certain indignation:

> I hope not too many aspiring poets were viewing our local Educational TV channel a few evenings ago when it profiled John Ciardi. The experience might have proved discouraging.
>
> Mr. C. was shown at his *SR* desk, which he visits once a week, examining the 600 poems submitted weekly. I know now why my stuff comes back so fast.
>
> Fronting Mr. C. were the piles of poems. Beside him yawned a deep wire basket labeled REJECT. In less time than it takes to tell, Mr. C. picked up a mss., gave it a glance lasting fully three seconds, and tossed it to the wirewolf. [EDITOR'S NOTE: *Hooray for "wirewolf!"*]
>
> As viewers watched him screening the mss., Mr. Ciardi's voice explained his system. "I read just the first line," it said. "It tells me all I want to know."

Discouragement, in appropriate doses, may be a better thing than Mr. Kress conceives it to be, but lest any contributor go off with his soul in total defeat, let me point out, since Mr. Kress neglected to, that there was in that scene another prominent basket marked HOLD and that a fair number of poems went into it, generally in no more time than it took to toss the others into the "wirewolf."

It is only at the HOLD basket that anything like a process of reading starts. I am not reading on my first run through the slush pile but only looking, and what I am looking for is as simple a thing as obvious silliness.

I have on my side of the process not only years of practice but the fact that the badness of bad poetry is immediately obvious, or at least as obvious as, say, the badness of bad violin playing. The first wry squeak will identify the novice. Up from that first sad squeak, with, perhaps, a pause in the HOLD basket, there are various levels of not-bad performance that are not good enough for national publication. The real murderers of sound, however, cannot hide the absurdity of their playing, and I suggest that it would be a confusion of the idea "soul" and of the idea "competence" to assume that an aspiring, untrained violinist could, for an instant, palm himself off as one worthy of a national audience.

But let any reader judge for himself. I do not have with me the slush pile Mr. Kress saw me run through on camera, but I have this week's, and from the current reject basket I have hauled back a sheaf of the poems that happened to be on top. All of them went into the reject basket in the first place because they were obviously silly. Here are their openings, along with some parenthetical clues for the soulful who may be charitably slow to identify silliness:

"Sun drenched sand between my toes . . ." (Are those his feet or are they a couple of starfish?) "Lying naked in the sand,/The heat oppresses me . . ." (An odd place for the heat to be lying naked.) "When staring up at the foliage above . . ." (Yes, that's the right direction to look for "above.") "Dear Lord, please teach me how to grin . . ." ("Son," replied the thunder, "you already look silly enough.") "I wandered vainly hither and yon . . ." (Those *are* the two best places for all-purpose wandering.) "How sterile to be so moderne . . ." (Thous sayest a goodlie mouthful, kidde.) "Life's a funny proposition after all . . ." (You foxy old deep thinker, you.) "You make me beautiful with your eyes . . ." (Honey, you ought to see what I can do when I get all of me into the act.) "All my totality I impart . . ." (Impartially?) "Some things I just don't understand . . ." (Ah, intellectual humility!) "In dark I lie unseeing . . ." (You picked the right place for it.) "Where are my lover's lips? . . ." (Two to five they are on his face, wherever *it* is lurking.)

Those, I want Mr. Kress to know, are fair and random samples, and I confess further to every intention of discouraging any man, woman, or child from writing such specimen drivel: It already takes too much time just to toss it aside. Did I actually spend a full three seconds on each of those filmed rejects? I must have been mugging for the camera that day. I'm sure I can usually do it in two. If only I didn't have to waste time ripping away those unread covering letters that hide the top poem, I'll bet I could even get it down to about one second on the average. Among other things, you see, I need the time for *reading* those poems in the HOLD basket. —JOHN CIARDI.

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Television is kid stuff.

Kids always have lots to look forward to on television. Just take November.

There's a concert for young people conducted by Leonard Bernstein. A look at the many different and fascinating types of "man's best friend." A song-filled "Alice Through the Looking Glass." A musical based on "The Canterville Ghost" by Oscar Wilde. And Red Skelton's comic history: "Clown Alley."

Kid stuff? Yes. But it's the kind you will also find absorbing and entertaining.

And you might invite the kids to see more serious programs, such as a search for man's ancestors. "The Legacy of Rome." The 1966 campaigns and elections. Politics in other countries. The prevention of another Pearl Harbor.

That's what's so marvelous about television. All the stuff is there, for everyone.

The Canterville Ghost
Sir Michael Redgrave in a musical version of Oscar Wilde's satirical fable.
Wednesday, Nov. 2 (10-11 P.M.)

Dr. Leakey and The Dawn of Man
National Geographic Special on anthropologist, Dr. Louis Leakey, and his search for man's ancestors.
Saturday, Nov. 5 (7:30-8:30 P.M.)

Elections '66
Preview of the races and issues.
Sunday, Nov. 6 (1-1:30 P.M.)

Campaign and the Candidates
An analysis of the races for the Senate and House of Representatives.
Sunday, Nov. 6 (3:30-4:30 P.M.)

Alice Through The Looking Glass
Musical based on Lewis Carroll's fantasy with Jimmy Durante, others.
Sunday, Nov. 6 (7:30-9 P.M.)

Campaign '66
Spotlighting what the viewer should look for in the election returns.
Sunday, Nov. 6 (10:30-11 P.M.)

Election Coverage
Tuesday, Nov. 8

Clown Alley
Red Skelton in a special which runs the gamut of jesters.
Wednesday, Nov. 9 (10-11 P.M.)

The People Trap
Stage 67: Drama set in the population-choked United States of 2067.
Wednesday, Nov. 9 (10-11 P.M.)

Barefoot in Athens
Peter Ustinov stars in a play about Socrates.
Friday, Nov. 11 (9:30-11 P.M.)

Back To Budapest
The big changes in Hungary since 1956.
Sunday, Nov. 13 (6:30-7:30 P.M.)

Inside Red China
Everyday life in Mao's China.
Tuesday, Nov. 22 (10-11 P.M.)

New York Philharmonic Young People's Concerts
Leonard Bernstein conducts.
Wednesday, Nov. 23 (7:30-8:30 P.M.)

Noon Wine
Jason Robards, Jr. and Olivia de Havilland star in Katherine Ann Porter's story.
Wednesday, Nov. 23 (10-11 P.M.)

The Ballad of Smokey The Bear
Animated musical on the 21-year-old symbol of forest fire prevention.
Thursday, Nov. 24 (7:30-8:30 P.M.)

It's A Dog's World
A look at all types of man's best friend.
Friday, Nov. 25 (7:30-8:30 P.M.)

The Legacy of Rome
The heritage of the Eternal City.
Friday, Nov. 25 (10-11 P.M.)

Pearl Harbor
Frank McGee reports on U.S. moves to prevent another Pearl Harbor.
Sunday, Nov. 27 (6:30-7:30 P.M.)

Randolph Churchill
A portrait of Winston Churchill's early years presented by his son.
Tuesday, Nov. 29 (10-10:30 P.M.)

The Life and Legend of Marilyn Monroe
Stage 67's film essay about the woman, the actress, the symbol.
Wednesday, Nov. 30 (10-11 P.M.)

Regularly Scheduled Programs
*Specially recommended for young viewers.

Monday Through Friday:
Captain Kangaroo*/Today/ Sunrise Semester

Tuesdays: CBS News Hour

Wednesdays: ABC Stage 67

Saturdays:
Captain Kangaroo*/Sunrise Semester/The Smithsonian*/ Animal Secrets*/ Wide World of Sports/ Vietnam Weekly Review/ABC Scope: The War in Vietnam.

Sundays:
Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up and Live/ Directions/Bullwinkle*/Camera Three/ Discovery '67*/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/The Eternal Light/Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom*/College Bowl*/ The Frank McGee Report/Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color*

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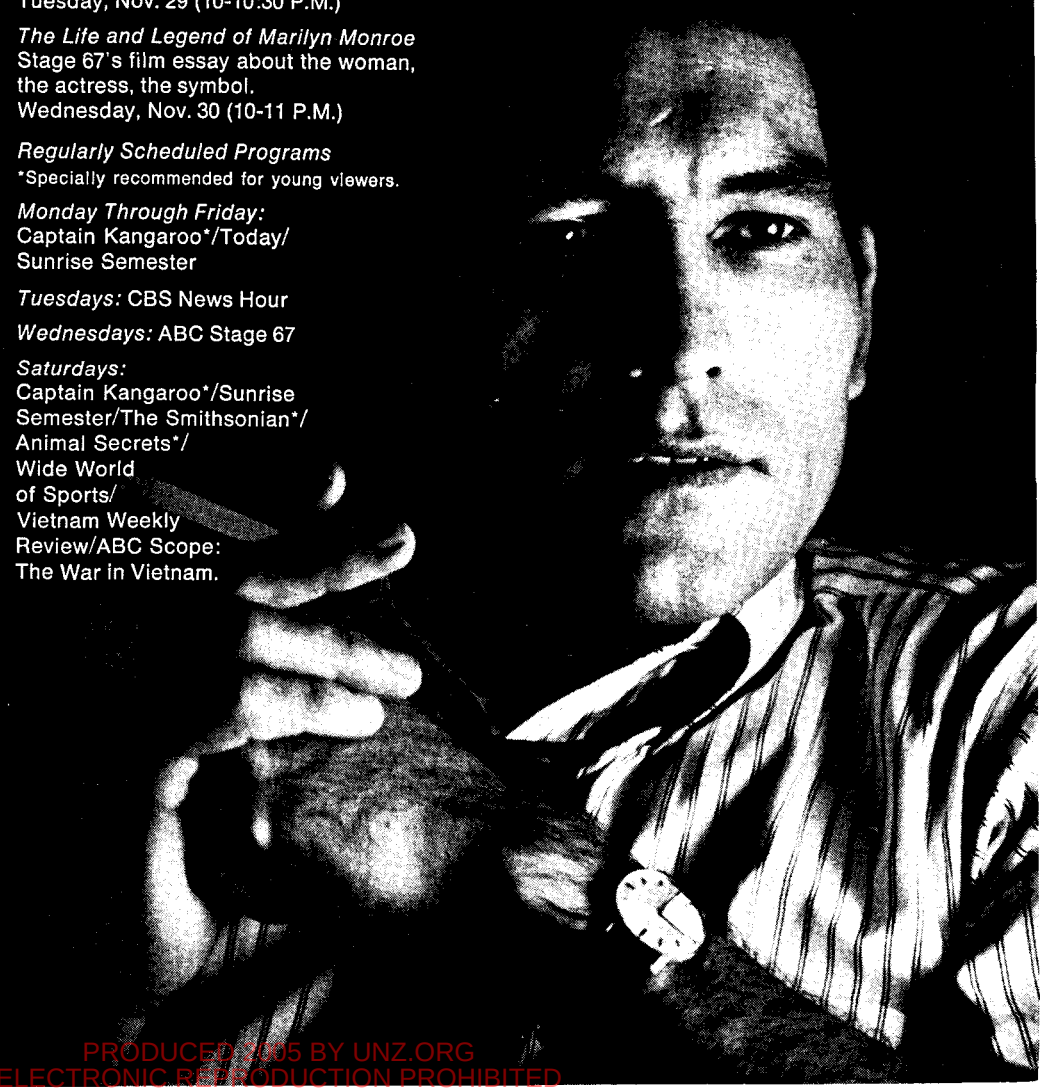

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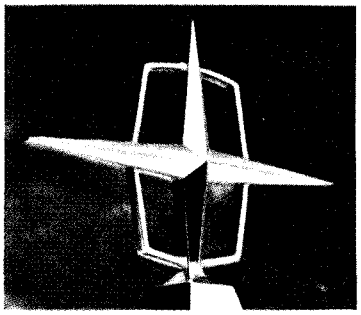

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Saturday Review
November 5, 1966

Position Papers—1966

My Hopes for the Democrats

"The appearance of consensus is greater than its reality. Replays of our triumphs . . . a purely defensive campaign . . . will not prepare the way for success in 1968."

By EUGENE J. McCARTHY

IS THE DEMOCRATIC party in trouble as the election of 1966 approaches? There are those who say that it is, on any or all of the following grounds:

► As a consensus party, leaving room only on the extreme right or the extreme left for other parties, it has developed internal strains and weaknesses which will be manifest in the election results.

► As the party which has taken credit for continued economic growth over the past five years, it will suffer now when called upon to answer for some of the imbalances in the economy and for the recent sudden rise in the rate of inflation.

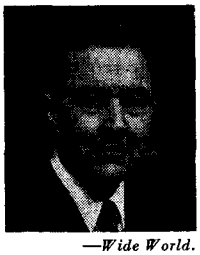
► Because its major legislative objectives have been secured, it will be held answerable for failure in the difficult work of administering civil rights legislation, the antipoverty campaign, and other programs in which responsibility is shared with state and local governmental units.

► The Vietnam war and unsatisfactory policies in other parts of the world rankle many voters.

The facts that Lyndon Johnson was elected in 1964 by the greatest plurality of popular votes given any President in U.S. history, and that at the same time strong Democratic majorities were elected in both the House and the Senate, do not in themselves prove anything about consensus politics. The appearance of consensus is much greater than its reality. David Broder has stated in the October 1966 issue of the *Atlantic* that before and after the election of 1964, President Johnson "tried to make the Democratic party a home for all those voters who thought Lyndon Johnson was 'on their side,' and in so doing, he markedly changed the character of that party." But this as well as similar statements on "consensus politics" can be challenged on at least three counts.

In the first place, the word *consensus* is never accurately defined. It is used vaguely as suggesting an irrational, involuntary, somewhat compromised and homogenized kind of support in contrast to the traditionally accepted majority rule by consent of the governed. In the second place, there is no substantial evidence that the President "tried" before the election to make the party a home for all voters, and certainly the legislative program which he offered after the election was one which stirred up both old and new antagonisms. And third, it would have been difficult for any Democratic candidate not to receive widespread popular support in 1964.

Not since 1952 has there been an effective or definable opposition party in the United States. The nomination of General Eisenhower as the Republican candidate in 1952, rather than the nomination of Barry Goldwater in 1964, was the most severe blow to the established position of the Republican party. The nonpartisan and even nonpolitical appeal upon which candidate Eisenhower based his campaign was a sharp break



—*Wide World.*
Eugene McCarthy

With this article *SR* concludes its series of 1966 Position Papers, in which leading national spokesmen outline the viewpoints of major segments of American political opinion. Other articles in the series were "The New Left: What Does It Mean?" by Edward M. Keating [*SR*, Sept. 24]; "The New Right: What Does It Seek?" by James J. Kilpatrick [*SR*, Oct. 8]; and "The Republican Future," by Charles H. Percy [*SR*, Oct. 29]. Eugene J. McCarthy served five terms as a U.S. Representative from Minnesota and has been a U.S. Senator from that state since 1958. He also has taught sociology and economics at St. John's University and St. Thomas College, and is the author of *Frontiers in American Democracy*, *Dictionary of American Politics*, and *A Liberal Answer to the Conservative Challenge*.

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with the tradition of two-party politics and two-party positions which had generally prevailed in campaigns throughout the twentieth century. His approach to political problems, candidate Eisenhower said, would be moral and spiritual rather than political. It is difficult to draw partisan lines on a proposition of this kind. If men of good will sit down together, he said, they come up with the right answers, and he suggested that he would have none but men of good will sitting down with him.

His eight years in office were years of quiet, unresponsive, respected stewardship. A special committee of the Republican party during the Eisenhower Administration, after study and reflection, recommended the term "dynamic conservatism" as descriptive of the Administration and of its policies. Although the Eisenhower Administration was essentially conservative, it was not very positive or dynamic. During the eight years of that Administration, Republicans controlled Congress for only two years. The men in Congress who declared that they spoke for the Republican party of Eisenhower were the liberal Republicans. In the party they made up a very small minority. The central core of Republicanism was dissipated. Some Republicans in these years became Democrats, some independents, but the stronger movement within the party was toward the right.

The 1960 campaign did very little to rebuild the Republican party. There were the difficulties of defending the record of the Eisenhower Administration. Economic growth had slowed. Agriculture had been in a depressed state for nearly five years before the election. Unemployment had been averaging nearly 5 per cent a year. The government had failed to respond to the needs of the country in social welfare, including education, medical and unemployment insurance, and social security. The country had lost prestige in foreign affairs and in the space race.

These failures or inadequacies meant little when associated with President Eisenhower; they were a great burden for candidate Nixon. Nixon was uncertain of himself and of his party and of his position in that party. The campaign was cast largely on the basis of character, religion, and other nonpolitical considerations.

THEN came 1964, and the Republican party was firmly in the control of those who had survived the destruction of the middle and who blamed themselves for concessions in 1960 which they believed resulted in the party's defeat. Goldwater was their man. His platform was their platform. His campaign, and their campaign, of 1964 was not a "politics as usual" campaign, since the issues were drawn on a different scale and even the language of political discussion was changed.

The men who spoke in 1964 in the name of the Republican party and of conservatism broke with the traditions of both Republicanism and conservatism. They openly asserted that they spoke with a new voice and proclaimed their intention to offer the voters a clear choice between right and wrong, between good and bad, between absolute success and complete failure.

(Reprinted from Saturday Review, Nov. 11, 1961.)

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH
"Now if we can just invent a way to put it out."

The attack of Senator Goldwater and of his supporters was not directed primarily at the Democratic party, but rather at the main movement of American political life; against programs and policies accepted in greater or lesser degree by both parties—programs and policies which had been developed to meet the needs of a changing America—programs and policies which had served the needs of America well, and which, in new and changing circumstances, had given vitality to the fundamental principles of American economic, social, and political life.

The Republican candidate, Senator Goldwater, had stood aside from the three great decisions of the Congress of 1963-64, decisions involving intellectual, moral, and political commitment: the test-ban treaty, civil rights, and the complex of programs to move the American economy and meet the material needs of Americans. The debate in that campaign, therefore, was not the liberal-conservative debate which had been anticipated. There was, in fact, no debate. The Goldwater case was a case against history—a radical one—which did violence to the structure of American society, government, and politics.

It cast suspicion on legislative action already taken by the federal government. It suggested that the federal government was the enemy of the people and of freedom. It dismissed the complicated problems of poverty, automation, and other changes in the American economy and American society as temporary conditions which nature or providence could take care of, and suggested as a solution a return to methods which were ineffective in the past when applied to less complicated problems—at a time when change was less rapid than it is today. As James Reston said, those who made this case trifled with most serious things, including the most serious of all things in this century—the matter of war and peace.

In 1964, the people of the country spoke decisively in rejecting this appeal. The voice of the electorate was not just a Democratic voice, but the voice of Republicans and independents as well. It was not just a liberal voice, but one in which liberals and conservatives joined in rejecting the proposal for a departure from the traditional politics of the United States. There was consensus clearly demonstrated. What it was against was clear. What it was for was less clear and less certain.

The Democratic party in power was not "markedly changed" in its positive legislative thrust, as Mr. Broder and others have suggested. The Democrats in power in 1965 did not offer a consensus program but a traditional democratic one.

The Democratic platform for 1964,

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which was the basis for action in the 89th Congress, was not very different in substance from the Democratic party platform of 1960, which had proposed medical care for the aged, increased minimum wages, a better farm program, the extension of civil rights, and the like. In fact it was not very different from the platform of 1948 which had stressed nearly all of the same issues.

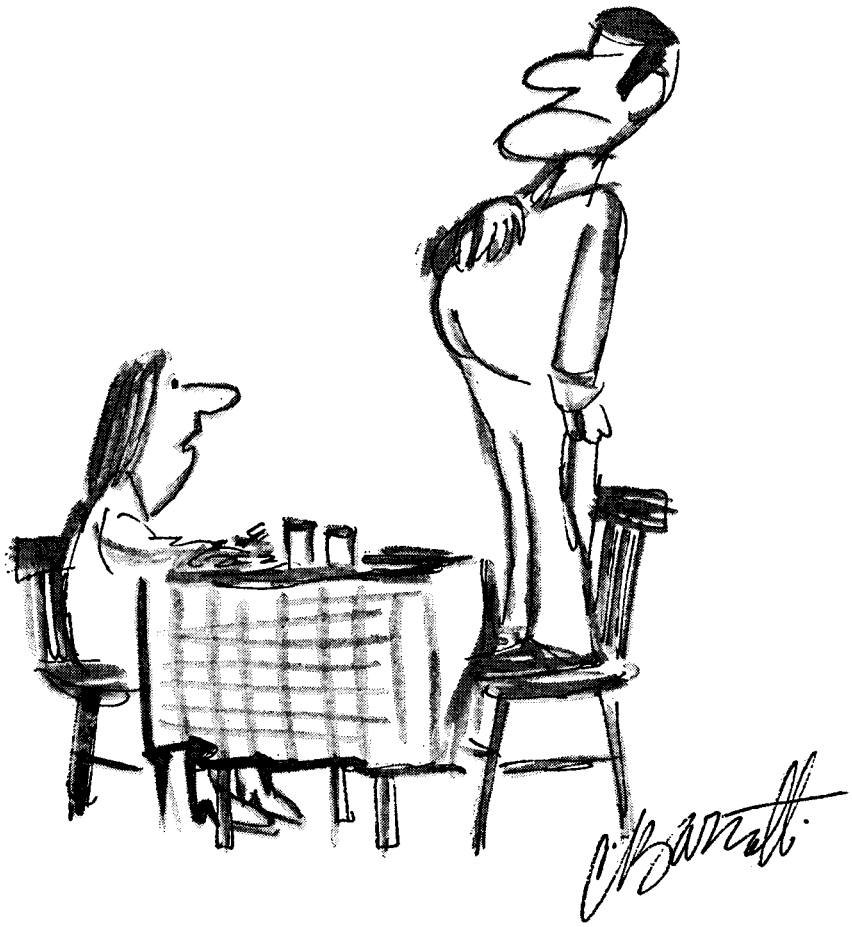
The 89th Congress passed a controversial voting rights program. It approved the first truly national program of federal aid to elementary and secondary schools. It established the medical care for the aged program. It increased minimum wages, improved the agricultural program. It repealed the national origins quota rule in the immigration laws, and is on the way to establishing national standards for unemployment compensation. It is almost true, as one Senator observed, that if the Democrats had been able to repeal section 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, they would have in 1965 and 1966 fulfiled all of their 1948 campaign promises.

If this was consensus legislation, then certainly the consensus had absorbed what had been bitter partisan differences for nearly twenty years.

INFLATION and the state of the economy will certainly be discussed in this campaign. The economic record of the past two years, and before that, of the three years of the Kennedy Administration, has been a remarkable one. Because of a combination of conditions and decisions—not all of them made by the government, but all of them in some way affected by government policy—the economy of this country has continued to grow not only without the interruption of a depression but without recession. It reached new levels of production and of employment. The agricultural economy, which throughout most of this period did not share the growing prosperity in the same measure as the other segments of our economy, has greatly improved within recent months.

The challenge of inflation does exist. It is a sophisticated issue, however; one which in its present degree of seriousness remains principally the affair of the economists and the financiers. The business community, which is reported to be somewhat disillusioned with the Johnson Administration, has a very weak case upon which to base political revolt since both production and profits continue to rise, and the rather rough passage between wage and price guidelines seems to have been—at least for the time being—satisfactorily accomplished.

The administration of programs generally classified under the title of the Great Society has come in for criticism. It is not massive criticism, however, but more in the nature of guerrilla or sniping attacks. Those programs that fall quite clearly in the category of quantitative liberalism designed to help meet the economic and material needs of the people of the country are working well. Those programs that combine both quantitative and qualitative aspects—as in the case of water and air pollution control, beautification, urban renewal, the poverty program, and the advance of civil rights—are subject to more criticism because they move into new fields and into mixed political jurisdictions, and because they challenge economic and cultural interests in many cases.



"You have my vote, now sit down and finish your knockwurst."

Foreign policy is an issue in this campaign, although I do not think it will be a determining one. It should not be, for the real testing of foreign policy by the electorate should and usually does come in the Presidential election year. Vietnam and our involvement there are realities of 1966. The supporters of an administration in power, the members of the party of the President, must expect to be held responsible for inadequacies, disappointments, and mistakes in foreign policy, just as they may fairly expect to take some credit for success. There is no evidence of the emergence of a clear Vietnam issue either helping or hurting the Democrats. There is some indication that criticism of domestic policies and programs, where such criticism arises, is more intensive and perhaps more extreme because of the pervading uncertainty and distress over the war in Vietnam. The force seems to be qualitative and consequently not likely to be of numerical or quantitative consequence when the votes are cast.

The challenge to the Democrats in the field of foreign policy is not a counter policy of Republicans, but rather the movement of history itself. It is not a challenge which will be effectively expressed through Republican candidates. Ho Chi Minh, Marshal Ky, Charles de Gaulle, and others will be more personal forces than any Republicans.

THE real challenge to the Democratic party in the field of foreign affairs will come in 1968, at which time the Presidential candidate of each party will be called upon to present his proposals for this country within the current of history. Generalizations about the speed of change and how the world has grown smaller, replays of our triumphs, and appeals to our treaties and declarations will then not be acceptable. Both old and new myths which are irrelevant or deceptive will then have to be challenged.

The campaign of 1966 cannot be a purely defensive one for the Democrats, nor one conducted along proven and

(*Continued on page* 50)

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ICY PLUS ONE:

An Inventory

By RICHARD N. GARDNER

TO SEEK the best thinking of the American people on how to pursue world peace, the President of the United States, as part of this country's participation in International Cooperation Year (1965), called a White House Conference on International Cooperation last November 29-December 1. [See *SR*, Jan. 22, 1966] Nothing quite like it had ever happened before. Some 5,000 people representing all aspects of American society attended. Thirty committees, including leading authorities in many fields, made more than 400 recommendations on subjects ranging from arms control to youth activities. And 220 private organizations presented statements on their activities in the field of international cooperation. The conference was, in President Johnson's words, "a town meeting of the leaders of this nation."

What has been done to carry out the conference's recommendations? What can be done, in view of the escalating conflict in Vietnam?

The State Department recently prepared an inventory of the status of the conference committees' more than 400 recommendations for government action. It revealed:

- ► 33 recommendations already implemented.
- ► 143 recommendations "in the process of implementation."
- ► 24 recommendations "scheduled to be implemented."
- ► 209 recommendations "under study."
- ► 26 recommendations "considered impractical at this time and perhaps at any time."

This "box score," of course, hardly provides an adequate measure of the impact of the reports on government policy. The government might have done many of these things anyway. Some of the recommendations made by the committees were undoubtedly stimulated by government officials. Yet even in such cases the committees served a useful function. The expression of public support for controversial proposals that had not yet achieved the status of government policy may have helped, in some cases, to move the government forward. For example:

► A proposal of the Committee on Population that as much as $100 million a year be spent in support of family planning programs in less developed countries played a part in an Administration decision to earmark substantial foreign aid funds for this purpose.

► A proposal of the Committee on Outer Space for a treaty governing the moon and celestial bodies encouraged the Administration to present such a treaty to the United Nations and thus stimulated U.N. negotiations on this subject.

► A proposal of the Committee on Arms Control and Disarmament for a three-year U.S.-U.S.S.R. moratorium on the construction of an anti-ballistic missile system helped the Administration resist Congressional pressures to build one.

► A proposal of the Committee on the Peaceful Settlement of Disputes for a new U.N. Panel for Mediation and Fact-Finding found its way almost immediately into Ambassador Goldberg's statement on this subject to last year's General Assembly.

► A proposal of the Committee on Conservation for world-wide efforts to develop water resources helped bring about President Johnson's "Water for Peace" program.

► A proposal of the Committee on Human Rights for the creation of a U.N. High Commissioner for Human Rights stimulated U.S. support for the idea and the launching of a study of it by a committee of the U.N. Human Rights Commission.

If the conference had a stimulating effect on government policy, that is all to the good. But the momentum needs to be maintained. What of the 209 recommendations "under study" and the twenty-six that are considered "impractical"? Some of these recommendations undoubtedly should not be acted upon. But without further stimulus, some meritorious proposals may not receive the attention that they deserve. Therefore the question arises: How should the conference be followed up?

Fortunately, the President has appointed a Special White House Committee to study fully each recommendation that has not yet been put into effect. The President's budget and legislative proposals for next year in areas covered by the conference will be formulated on the basis of the committee's review and evaluation. The composition of the committee is impressive: Budget Director Charles Schultze, Special Assistants to the President Walt W. Rostow and Joseph A. Califano, Jr., and Raymond D. Nasher, who served as executive director of the conference. Nasher will serve as the contact for conference participants who may wish to express views to the White House Committee on any aspect of its work.

The White House Conference created, or at least strengthened, new and interested constituencies in thirty different fields of activity. Many of the individuals involved gained a new insight and a new sense of commitment as a result of sustained analysis of the subject matter in cooperation with their government counterparts. There is reason to hope that this new expertise and enthusiasm will not be dissipated.

WHAT are the main areas of cooperation that deserve attention from the White House Committee? Here is an outline of my own agenda for cooperation, in some respects differing from or going beyond the proposals presented to the White House Conference:

► *Curbing the Arms Race.* Five nations now have the capacity to explode nuclear weapons. At least ten more have the technical capability to develop nuclear weapons in the next few years. It is in the common interest of the nuclear powers—and in the long-term interest of all Mankind—to prevent the further spread of these weapons. The obstacles to a treaty on nonproliferation are not insoluble. The U.S. treaty draft prohibits giving ownership, possession, or control of nuclear weapons to a nonnuclear

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Richard N. Gardner, professor of law and international relations at Columbia University, was deputy assistant secretary of state for international organizational affairs from 1961 to 1965. This article is adapted from his introduction to the book *Blueprint for Peace: Being the Proposals of Prominent Americans to the White House Conference on International Cooperation*, published October 24 by McGraw-Hill. Introduction © 1966 by Richard N. Gardner.

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power. It should be possible to meet legitimate Soviet anxieties about German access to nuclear weapons within the NATO alliance. The Soviet Union appears to have dropped its insistence that a nonproliferation treaty must prohibit consultation on nuclear matters. In return, the United States should be willing to accept provisions foreclosing sharing in ownership or control of nuclear weapons by the Germans or other nonnuclear powers through some kind of multilateral force. And it should also be possible to devise adequate security guarantees to nonnuclear powers, perhaps through parallel declarations by nuclear powers confirmed in a U.N. resolution.

Further efforts should be made to conclude a comprehensive ban on nuclear testing. The art of seismic detection does not yet permit distinguishing underground nuclear explosions from earthquakes without on-site inspection. The Soviet Union does not accept this proposition, and rejects the idea of on-site inspections. But a solution may lie in an international effort to agree on present possibilities of detection and to develop improved methods.

The Committee on Arms Control and Disarmament recommended that the United States seek agreement with the Soviet Union on a three-year moratorium on new deployment (but not on unverifiable research and development) of anti-ballistic missiles. This recommendation deserves the most serious attention. A three-year moratorium would provide time for further study of these problems, yet leave time for deployment of a defense against a Chinese nuclear threat that may arise in the mid-1970s.

Work must also go forward on general and complete disarmament. Even with some measures of arms control, the maintenance of huge nuclear stockpiles and the modern methods of delivering them mean a substantial risk of nuclear war for our generation. Obviously, progress toward general and complete disarmament and toward many measures of arms control requires the cooperation of Communist China. Its involvement in disarmament talks, whether bilaterally or at the existing Eighteen Nation Disarmament Conference or at a World Disarmament Conference, should be actively encouraged.

► *Keeping the Peace.* International cooperation to strengthen the United Nations is essential for general and complete disarmament. It is also essential to reduce the risks of violence while we live in the shadow of the arms race.

The United Nations needs an effective standby military capacity to deal with peacekeeping emergencies. This can be developed within the present constitutional structure. Every effort must be made to enable the Security Council to discharge its primary responsibility in the peacekeeping field. But past experience with the Soviet Union and the prospect of Communist China's membership in the Council suggest the need to retain the General Assembly's power to authorize peacekeeping operations – operations in which forces are contributed on a voluntary basis and deployed to the territory of countries with their consent. If certain members will not pay assessments for these operations, other methods of financing such as non-mandatory apportionment will have to be found to assure a fair sharing of the cost. And the U.N.'s military capability should be augmented through the earmarking and training of national contingents on a broad geographical basis. The United States could use military assistance funds to help less developed countries prepare units for U.N. service. Together with other countries, we also might make military bases available to the U.N. both for training and for actual use in peacekeeping emergencies.

MORE NEEDS to be done, too, to anticipate and resolve situations that could lead to armed conflict and to attack the root causes of conflicts temporarily arrested by the interposition of peacekeeping forces. There could be greater use of *rapporteurs* in cases before the Security Council and General Assembly, and a new U.N. panel could be created for mediation and fact-finding. Such institutions could assist the U.N.'s political organs by bringing the parties together, clarifying the facts, identifying the issues, and recommending possible solutions.

► *Expanding World Trade.* The Trade Expansion Act gave U.S. negotiators new authority to remove trade barriers, but it came when the Common Market was preoccupied with its internal problems; ten years earlier it might have produced dramatic results. Nevertheless, every effort must be made to salvage a meaningful settlement from the Kennedy Round and to prevent backsliding from liberal trade policies on both sides of the Atlantic. The United States will have to revise some nontariff barriers, such as the American selling-price method of valuation on chemical imports, and be prepared to subject domestic farm programs to international negotiation. And after the Kennedy Round ends, we should put ourselves in a position to move even more boldly—proposing a treaty for gradual but complete elimination of tariffs within twenty-five years.

New approaches are also needed on the trade problems of the less developed countries. Permanent tariff preferences are probably undesirable on political and economic grounds, but tariff cuts resulting from the Kennedy Round and subsequent trade agreements should be put into effect immediately with respect to these countries. Even more important, a greater effort should be made to reduce tariffs on processed goods of special interest to the less developed countries, and to moderate quotas and excise taxes on raw materials and foodstuffs which cost these countries hundreds of millions of dollars a year in lost exports. Improved technical assistance and reviews of development plans can help them compete in the world market. And new measures of supplementary finance can help assure that sound development plans will not be jeopardized by unex-

(*Continued on page 72*)

"This is just off the top of my head, Ethel, but I want a divorce."

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Is It Possible to Be an Optimist?

IS IT POSSIBLE to be an optimist in a world which has turned most of its organized brainpower and energy into the systematic means for debasing life or mutilating it or scorching it or obliterating it? What basis is there for hope when the human future is increasingly in the hands of men who do not comprehend the meaning of the new power and who are, some of them, puny and fretful and prone to act out of frustration or false pride or mistaken notions of grandeur?

Is it possible to believe in the ability of the human species to eliminate the mass injustice that leads to mass violence —or the mass violence that feeds back into mass injustice? Can anyone have confidence in the capacity of human intelligence to sustain the natural environment on which humans are absolutely dependent—at a time when the progressive despoliation and poisoning of air, land, and water are fast outrunning efforts to protect the environment?

Questions like these are producing a profound upheaval within the body of contemporary Western social philosophy. For the essence of modern social thought is its belief in the idea of human progress. With a few exceptions like Spengler, the leading thinkers of the past few centuries have generally accepted Aquinas's idea that man "advances gradually from the imperfect to the perfect." Pascal underscored this notion when he said that man is a creature capable not only of undergoing experiences but of comprehending them, and that the unending accumulation of experiences is therefore bound to be reflected in his own learning, understanding, and growth. Bacon, Descartes, Kant, and Hegel, each in his own way, have attempted to break free from the Aristotelian concept of fixed limitations on human potentiality, or the Lucretian idea of cataclysmic disaster, or the Prophetic notion of doom.

NO group of thinkers has had more to say about the potentialities of human beings, especially under conditions of freedom, than Americans like Franklin, Jefferson, Emerson, William James, Holmes, Peirce, Wallas, and Dewey. Each has added depth and strength to the idea that humankind is capable of almost infinite development. Indeed, emerging from the ideas of the American social philosophers is a definition of human uniqueness: the ability to do that which has never been done before.

Today, however, the bedrock of modern social philosophy has been badly shaken by a long series of somber developments pointing toward the ultimate decimation of the human species. The habit of violence is no less significant than the technology of violence. There has been a growing desensitization to human hurt.

Albert Schweitzer perhaps reflected the dilemma of many of his colleagues when he said that any optimism he might have for the human future rested less on his knowledge of history or on his analytical faculties than on a pervasive wish that everything would come out all right. Yet there is no real contradiction between the two. The capacity to hope is not the natural enemy of the analytical intelligence. It is a source of energy for creating new options. It helps to create new uses for logic. It sets people in motion and thus gives rise to new swirls, new contexts, new combinations. It gives reality a new face.

History is an accumulation of causes and effects, but it is far from being a procession of inevitables. Time and again, supposedly inexorable forces have been reversed by human acts proceeding out of positive human decisions. To say that man is locked into error and delusion runs counter to human experience. This is not to underestimate his propensity for error. But neither should we underestimate man's ability through an act of will to create a wide and exciting range of new possibilities. The only ultimate prison he need fear is his inertia and indecision.

PESSIMISM has one thing in common with optimism. It is not only a mood but a movement. The main characteristic of pessimism is that it tends to set the stage for its own omens. It is self-fulfilling. It shuns prospects in the act of denying them. It narrows the field of vision, obscuring the relationship between the necessary and the possible.

The prime fallacy of pessimism is that no one really knows enough to be a pessimist. It is unhistorical to rule out the conversion of imponderables into positive forces under pressure from powerful ideas. And the reason there is no inconsistency between the exercise of reason and the optimistic outlook is that the search for new approaches or answers often has to be built on new grounds—and optimism is the range-finder for locating such grounds. Optimism is also a way of paying our respects to the mysterious process of change in human affairs and to the marvelous suddenness with which new prospects are revealed when urgently sought. The achievement of a limited ban on the testing of nuclear weapons was one example. Extending that ban to all levels of testing and to all nations can be another. Creating a basis for a reasonably decent and war-free existence on this planet can be yet another.

It *is* possible to be an optimist in today's world—without having to strain or synthesize. It is necessary only to attach oneself confidently to a plan for accomplishing an essential purpose—and then to help bring that plan to life with advocacy and work. The only thing more dangerous than nuclear force in today's world is failure to perceive the lines of connection between the individual and the ideas and forces that shape his world.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Nonmilitary Service

I VIGOROUSLY second Harris Wofford's suggestion in his article, "Toward a Draft Without Guns" [*SR*, Oct. 15], that nonmilitary alternatives to the draft be adopted. In testimony to the House Armed Services Committee I have presented what I feel is a logical twofold approach to making the draft equitable and keeping an "alternative service" program manageable.

First, the present draft would be terminated in favor of a system of "national service" based on a lottery in which a yearly percentage of people is called up as they reach a certain age. Parallel with this would be the possibility of alternative nondraft national service. Young men faced with the impersonal lottery system would be given a pre-lottery option to choose the manner in which they would serve their country. To avoid charges of "draft-dodging," Congress might make alternative service of longer duration than the service of a military draftee, at lower rates of compensation, or both of these things.

TERRENCE CULLINAN,
Captain, USAF,
Stanford Research Institute
Menlo Park, Calif.

IN HIS ARTICLE, Harris Wofford makes one great error. Almost no one from the current draft-vulnerable generation is eager to give two years of time to the federal government at substandard wages. The draft steals time from youth and is never popular. Alternative service would be more popular than learning the arts of death but still is not sought by the young in great numbers. The Peace Corps is a lovely idea, but the job discrimination encountered by returning Peace Corpsmen speaks poorly for such an approach. End the draft, and restore the Freedom to Try to the young.

MICHAEL STANLEY.
Los Angeles, Calif.

SO HARRIS WOFFORD proposes "universal voluntary" service for America's youth—all in a noble cause, of course. The term "universal voluntary" is terrifyingly Orwellian and intellectually dishonest; what Wofford really means is, of course, coercion.

His example of Israel is a fallacious analogy. Israel is, unfortunately, a garrison state; it must marshal every human resource or face extinction. In times of national peril, America's youth should also be expected to serve, but in peacetime the type of federally coerced social engineering envisioned by Wofford (e.g., "volunteers" trained to wash clothes and dishes for poverty stricken working mothers) is startlingly close to the statist concepts of a Hitler or a Mussolini.

NATHAN R. CARB, JR.,
Professor of English,
Glassboro State College.
Pitman, N.J.

HARRIS WOFFORD'S apparent definition of "volunteer" is strangely akin to that used by the United Fund and similar drives. Frankly, I must also confess to being somewhat unsettled by a cryptic reference in his article to lawyer Burke Marshall's "commission of opinion-making men," but I was put at ease by the Orwellian newspeak thought that "Freedom captivates [Man]."

THOMAS K. KIRBY,
Attorney.
Wauwatosa, Wis.

The Pursuit of Prosperity

IN HIS ARTICLE, "The Writer as World Citizen," [*SR*, Aug. 13] N.C. truly observed that writers are needed who will write to bring the world under law. The transcendent goal of writers today, he said, should be to prepare Mankind for world citizenship.

Peace and world government under world law are now not only desirable but have become an urgent necessity. In the pursuit of prosperity civilized man has seen that he does not reach happiness but only restlessness. The pursuit of happiness is something very different from the pursuit of prosperity. The highest and truest form of happiness is peace in the soul, tranquility, what in Sanskrit is given the name *Shanti*.

Writers of today must therefore write to direct men to seek *Shanti*. The relationship between God and Man is *Dharma* which Man not only can but must every moment perceive and obey. Peace within is necessary to establish peace outside.

C. RAJAGOPALACHARI.
Madras, India.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR is pleased to receive a communication from one of India's most eminent thinkers and public servants.*

America and the Pacific

I WAS DELIGHTED to read Alan Moorehead's article, "The Affinity with Australia," in the special section devoted to "America as a Pacific Nation" [*SR*, Oct. 8]. I was especially gratified with his suggestion that "before the end of the century we might see a new alignment of power in the Pacific: America and Canada in the North joined to Australia and New Zealand to the South."

This would mark an end to our misspent preoccupation with the Atlantic Community as well as to our tacit approval of the political fragmentation of our earth into more and more units lacking every requisite for independence except a noisy minority of political activists. . . .

DONALD V. ETZ.
Kettering, O.

THE INTRODUCTION to Alan Moorehead's article on Australia repeats an American myth which is partially responsible for our foreign policy disasters in recent years. The myth is that we have "never sought an empire in the Pacific" and "became aware" of the Pacific only after Pearl Harbor.

Commodore Perry's visit to Japan in 1854 began a period of active American intervention in the East which has not yet ended. The famous "Open Door" note of 1899 underlined America's central concern with its political and commercial rights in the Pacific. The story from that point on is of increasing American involvement, especially in China, rivaling that of both Russia and Japan.

SANFORD H. ELWITT,
Assistant Professor of History,
Southern Illinois University.
Carbondale, Ill.

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MODERN FABLE

Once upon a time there was a man who ran a factory and did it well. "We had a good day yesterday," he'd say, "but we must make a better product and keep our people productive and happy today."

His product-research department was expensive, but paid off. He was among the first to install a computer center because he saw the need for a quick flow of information.

But at election time his first reaction to school-tax and school-bond proposals was to vote NO. He talked about fads and frills in education. He even used words like new-fangled, and poppycock. He asked why Johnny can't read.

At stockholders' meetings he said, "In this business nothing stays static two days in a row."

But when he saw drawings of a new school building with language labs, individual classroom libraries and study carrels, he growled, "Do these kids need to go to school in country clubs?"

Meanwhile, back at the factory, he kept his eyes open for what he called "bright young men from good schools." He wanted them to help design new products for the space age.

Then he heard that the local school system planned to introduce team-teaching and build a new wing. His blood pressure went off the scale and he passed to his reward.

Moral:

*Education, like any other big business serving 50 million customers, must modernize or die on the vine.**

* *This includes us. We have no intention of dying on the vine and have been proving it since James Monroe was President of the United States.*

The editors will be pleased to send, with their compliments, an enlarged reprint of the above statement, on heavy stock, for bulletin-board use. The address is Harper & Row, Evanston, Illinois 60201. Please specify Poster #3, since this is one of a series.

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LITERARY HORIZONS

The Meaning of the Fittest

T. S. ELIOT wrote in "Burnt Norton":

> Words strain,
> Crack and sometimes break, under the burden,
> Under the tension, slip, slide, perish,
> Decay with imprecision, will not stay in place,
> Will not stay still.

And in "East Coker" he spoke of his long struggle, never successful "to get the better of words":

> And so each venture
> Is a new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate
> With shabby equipment always deteriorating
> In the general mess of imprecision of feeling.

The struggle has always been difficult, and it is now carried on "under conditions that seem unpropitious."

Unpropitious indeed! There has never been such an assault on the integrity of the English language as there is today. Each of the professions has its own jargon, intended both to impress and to bewilder the laity. Journalists have to produce at top speed what they hope will hold the attention of an easily distracted public. And advertising men use language not to tell the truth but to make lies palatable.

Anything that may check, even briefly, the slipping and sliding of the language must be welcomed, and I do welcome Wilson Follett's *Modern American Usage* (Hill & Wang, $7.50). Follett, a recognized authority on Joseph Conrad and Stephen Crane and employed as an editor by several publishing houses, began the book when he was well along in years, and it was only two-thirds completed when he died in 1963. Jacques Barzun of Columbia University was asked to complete the work and prepare it for publication, and he sought the advice of Carlos Baker, Frederick W. Dupee, Dudley Fitts, James D. Hart, Phyllis McGinley, and Lionel Trilling. As I read the book, with the usual number of disagreements, I began to wonder who was responsible for what; and the same question troubled Mrs. Follett, for she has issued a press release suggesting that her husband might not have been altogether pleased with the present volume. In H.W. Fowler's *Modern English Usage* one always hears the voice of a man, and that I miss in the Follett book, which sometimes seems to be the product of a not altogether harmonious convention.

Like every other book on the subject, the work has its strong and its weak points. It seems to me less useful as a reference book than either Theodore Bernstein's *The Careful Writer* or *A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage*, by Bergen and Cornelia Evans, which are both more comprehensive and easier to use. On the other hand, it is a book that one can pick up and read with pleasure and usually profit. In addition to an introductory essay on the whole question of usage and a couple of helpful supplements, one on *shall (should), will (would)* and the other on punctuation, there are long discussions of such matters as vexatious adverbs, jargon, journalese, pedantry, popularized technicalities, pronunciation, scientisms, vogue words, and metaphors. Taken together, these pieces give an acute sense of what good usage is and why it is important to our intellectual life. (I have just been reading a report by a firm of library consultants; if the authors were ever to grasp the principles expounded by Follett *et al.*, they would die of shame.)

The Follett associates are somewhat to the right of Bernstein and considerably to the right of the Evanses. (Bernstein speaks of Evans's "more generous bosom.") Sometimes the Follett book is downright pernickety. It says, for example, that *chance* has a hopeful connotation and should only be used when the idea of hope is present, but I find no support for this in any of the dictionaries I have handy or in the practice of authors I can think of. (Last week I quoted from Iris Murdoch's *Time of the Angels*, "There is only chance and the terror of chance.") The Follett book insists that *dilemma* "signifies an inescapable choice, an enforced decision to be made between two evils of equal force, *and not more than two.*" (My italics.) Fowler says that "it should be used only when there is a pair, or at least a definite number of lines that might be taken in argument or action, and each is unsatisfactory." Webster's Second speaks of "two or more alternatives." From Follett we learn that "trivia are crossroads, not trifles," but the Oxford Universal Dictionary, which does not list *trivia*, approves *trivial* as *trifling*, tracing it back to 1593. Follett fights for *insignia* as a plural, the singular being *insigne*, but Hawthorne and Irving both used *insignia* as a singular, and it is officially so used by the United States Army. (Many "lost causes," as Follett and company are fond of calling them, are worth fighting for, but is *insigne*?)

Like most compilers of handbooks on

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usage, the Follett people tend to be literal-minded. "Skill in expression," says the introduction, "consists in nothing else than steadily choosing the fittest among all possible words, idioms, and constructions." Everything depends on the meaning of "fittest," for what seems fittest to a poet is likely not to seem fittest to the rest of us, at least until after the poet has used it. The Follett book does have a short article on connotations, but it is concerned rather with the possibilities of making mistakes than with the opportunities for saying something fresh and impressive. The article on metaphors points out that it may be legitimate for a poet to pile metaphor on metaphor. "The prime instance," it says, "easily remembered, is the King's eulogy of England in *Richard II*." (The eulogy is delivered by John of Gaunt.) Even here, however, the emphasis is on the dangers of mixed metaphors.

As I have discovered whenever I have written about problems of usage, the subject is of interest to many readers, by no means all of them professional writers or professional teachers, and I think this is a hopeful sign. Some of my correspondents seem to me pedantic, but most of them are more concerned with clarity than with correctness. Such readers may be disturbed by some peculiarities and inconsistencies in *Modern American Usage*, which may or may not be the result of the way in which it was edited, but they will find it a sturdy weapon against the incoherence—often, of course, a calculated incoherence—of the mass media. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1213

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1213 will be found in the next issue.

UYILO CYI XI RIU VOOP MGER

LOPXIH UYERZ UYGU EU EL

VOPU. —XS. NIYRLIR

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1212

Injustice is relatively easy to bear; it is justice that hurts.

—H. L. MENCKEN.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

One and One-half Murderers

NO RESPONSIBLE JOURNAL should have published Arnold Fein's mealy-mouthed apologia for the Warren Report [*SR*, Oct. 22].

The issue in the matter is how many assassins fired the shots. Those who have read the accounts know that, in the light of all evidence, this question reduced to how many bullets hit the President and the Governor. The Commission had to decide whether one bullet hit both, or two different bullets. If one, there was one assassin. If two, there were more than one. Whether the evidence indicated one bullet or more than one divided the members of the Commission. Judge Fein believes that, on this issue, they "compromised." He praises the Commission for its technique of compromise.

Does the Commission Report then say that we do not know whether one person or more than one were involved in assassinating President Kennedy? It does not. It says there was one, and that it was Oswald. This, and not the question of what kind of oafs some of the writers who attacked the Report can be made out to be, is the issue.

From Judge Fein's treatment of the issue, it is correct to conclude that in the spirit of compromise one should say that one and one-half murderers participated in the assassination of President Kennedy.

HERBERT HARVEY.

Morrisville, Pa.

IF GOVERNOR CONNALLY was hit 1.8 seconds after President Kennedy and if the Carcano rifle could not be fired within less than an interval of 2.3 seconds, how can the Commission state that the single-bullet theory is not necessary to any of its essential findings? . . . And if the President's wound is in the back instead of in the neck and therefore cannot be aligned with Governor Connally's wounds, then there is an extra shot which could not have come from the Carcano. In view of this, the Commission's failure to request the autopsy photographs and X-rays is not reassuring. It should be noted, however, that although the finding of a back wound would demolish the single-bullet theory, the finding of a neck wound would not resolve doubts about the theory on other grounds.

NORMA AITCHISON.

New York, N.Y.

Power of Rational Control

ROGER D. MASTERS should have brought the scalpel of the logician rather than the appreciation of the political scientist to his task as reviewer of Robert Ardrey's *The Territorial Imperative* [*SR*, Sept. 17].

Ardrey says, "As I weigh the evidence of biology in recent years I can discover no qualitative break between the moral nature of an animal and the moral nature of man." Surely if there were a break he could not have gone on. But unless we are going to abandon language and the standard meanings altogether, the moral action is always the responsible action. And if there is no break it follows that either animals are as responsible as men for what they do or, vice versa, men can plead in their courts that they have no responsibility. . . .

Certainly men have "natural impulses leading to conflict," as Professor Masters points out. But both he and Ardrey omit the obvious data that men also have the power of rational control over their impulses. I fear very much that Ardrey's thesis undercuts the very point he wishes to make; if he is right then there is no hope of establishing at the world level the kind of institutions that would channel human conflict out of the areas of combat into the courts. Let us accept the thesis that all animals are territorial. I must take it on faith since the evidence that Ardrey offers is so highly selective. But even if established, the illation from animal behavior to human is the one that demands not assertion but demonstration. Do men really prefer their territories to their wives? Do they flock to cities just to be able to quarrel more easily with other men? Is human love merely a function of not hating? And may I have no concept of property unless I have hostile neighbors ravenous to take it from me? But the illation from the individual human to the group, to society and to the nation is in Ardrey's case a wild leap that shows inventive imagination but no sense of evidence. . . . We may well ask in regard to modern warfare who precisely decides to fight? Do the whole people? Or is it only their leaders, who must then dragoon their subjects into war through the use of conscription? . . .

Any historian who knows the Thirty Years War and how it was fought by professional armies marching through populaces that could not have cared less about the issues involved will find it very hard to accept Ardrey's position. And when we get into the medieval wars [and] the protracted dynastic struggles of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the evidence becomes slimmer and slimmer to bear out Ardrey's position. Somehow I don't quite see how Russia could have sold Alaska or France Louisiana to the United States if there is any real basis for Ardrey's position.

There are aggressive impulses in man. . . . But that they remain dominant, that they are universal, or that they are irresistible goes against all human experience. We have a great task to perform in this world if we are ever to conquer the threat of warfare. I cannot see that Ardrey's work helps us in any way to solve the problem. The popularity of his book may in fact have set back the cause of those who are working to bring reason into human affairs and establish law and order in international life.

REV. G. G. GRANT, S.J.

Chicago, Ill.

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European Literary Scene

While France's greatest playwright, Jean Anouilh, boycotts the boulevards, as a protest, it is said, against the incumbent government, other dramatists try to fill the vacuum. This year's theatrical season begins—after "orchestrated publicity"—with Françoise Sagan's curtain-raiser *L'Echarde* (freely, "The Thorn in the Flesh") and the full-length *Cheval évanoui* ("The Unconscious Horse") at the Gymnase. The first concerns the dream world of an aging and penniless actress of moderate talent who entertains the guests in her cheap boarding house with tales of her histrionic successes. Despite an incapacitating automobile accident, she fires the imagination of her *garçon d'étage* with her hopes of returning to the stage as the tragic Marguerite Gautier in *La Dame aux camélias*. *Cheval* relates the marital frustrations and soul-searching of the Hon. Henry James Chesterfield, whose home has been invaded by two unlikely guests. These are a young French couple who scheme to marry his son and daughter for money, while sustaining their own liaison. The French minx can't stand Chesterfield *fils*, however, and the plot falls through. A victim of that sexual restlessness of middle age which the French call the "midday demon," the elder Chesterfield forgives Coralie her plotting and suggests that they fly away together from his life of respectability. Coralie refuses and chooses instead her young fellow-conspirator, who sacrifices in turn his room-at-the-top marriage with Chesterfield's daughter.

As Sagan summarizes her own play, "It's about love and money—the dangers of money and of love, too. The subject is not very gay, but the tone of the dialogue is." The more indulgent of the critics find the dialogue Wildean. Mlle. Sagan's fourth and fifth produced plays find her improving, like Burgundy, with time.

Fans of Simenon will be pleased to know that Inspector Maigret has now been eternalized in bronze at Delfzijl, where the point of the Lowlands loses itself in the North Sea. The novelist was stirred by the international crowd of fans (including actors who have played Maigret) gathered for the unveiling. He was moved to recall the negative responses of the editor when, at twenty-seven, he submitted his first Maigret mystery. "It isn't a true novel. The plot doesn't fit together like a chess game. There's no love story. The characters are

—Baron (Pix).

Jean Anouilh — boycott against the government?

neither likable nor unlikable. It has a bad ending." No less a master than Gide was to vindicate him with the statement: "I consider Simenon a great novelist, perhaps the greatest and truest novelist we have in French literature today."

Spain's music and literature continue, unfortunately, to undergo what the Russians expressively call a Cocacolaization. Typical are the many series of adventure books with such collective titles as the FBI Club, FBI Choices, Far West, Western Club, Los Federales, The Untouchables, U. S. Marshall (sic), Murder Club, and so on *ad nauseam*. The only consoling things about them are the amusing pen names that their authors dream up. Of some thirty pseudonyms I have noted in the past two months I offer a hasty sampler, with the actual Spanish names I have been able to verify: Rock Miller (Joaquín Simón Martínez), R. G. Sroaner (Ramón Gómez Serrano), Mortimer Cody (Francisco Ramírez), Curtis Garland (Juan Gallardo Muñoz). One more deserves mention—a Slavic infiltrator into the Far West. "M. Saavdrovitch" is a Russianization of one of Cervantes's names (Miguel Sánchez Saavedra). Step up to the brass rail, tovaritsch, and have a shot of Fundador!

Curt Hohoff's new *Die Märzhasen* ("March Hares"), published by Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt of Stuttgart, uses the new novelistic techniques now prized in Germany to deal with the old question of Nazism. It views the arrival of National Socialism in a Northern port city back when the "March (1933) hares" were flocking to join Hitler's party. With this book Hohoff (born in 1913) completes a thematic cycle. Having studied in Berlin, Munich, and Cambridge, he had just finished a thesis on humor in Kleist when he was swept into an unhumorous war for six years. After that he became a spokesman for the soldiers and junior officers whom "God had abandoned in the war." "Who knows for what reason we had believed in the Fatherland, the Reich? But what had the Bohemian mongrel made of them? The Great and Little Russians now slaves, the French humbled, the Balkans held by fools, the Jews murdered, the Germans satisfied and prestigious at the cost of 3,000,000 dead." Then Hohoff departed from this dominant theme with *Paulus in Babylon* (1956), on the Apostle's life until his death under Nero, and *Forbidden City* (1958), an ironic parable about Africa. But Hohoff, now an esteemed literary critic, had not yet settled his literary account with Hitler. So, in *Märzhasen*, he looks with ironic hindsight at the several ways the members of one family reacted to Hitler's power grab. A ten-year-old boy and his brothers can only grasp at straws of understanding; their Catholic father views Hitler as the Antichrist; their aunt sees in him a savior. Even the Jew Gratsch takes the bait at first, unable to understand the portent of the anti-Semitic slogans. Everyone eventually comprehends, including the boy, who will ultimately participate in the Röhm conspiracy. I found the book compelling and predict that it will be Englished.

Latinists and Lewis Carroll fans will be equally grateful to Macmillan of London for publishing *Aliciae per speculum transitus* as a sequel to *Alicia in terra mirabili*. Both works were put into Latin by Clive Harcourt Carruthers, professor emeritus of classics at McGill, to whom the situations, puns, and illogicalities of Alice are reminiscent of Plautean comedy. Traditionalists will be pleased that Alice herself is not reclothed in Roman fashion, that John Tenniel's wonderful illustrations still preserve her in the dress of the 1870s.

Sic Phoca: "Venit tempus nunc
De multis colloquendi:
Crepidas, naves, ceras, caules
Regesque disserendi—
Cur mare fervens sit, porcis
Alaene sint quaerendi."

I assume you translated easily the famous passage above. If not, you must accept *Phoca* as Walrus and *caules* as cabbages, and the rest will come automatically. St. Martin's Press is responsible for simultaneous American publication.

Morris West's *The Ambassador* (hardbound, Morrow; paperback, Dell) has

(*Continued on page* 71)

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The Fates Defied the Muse

Robert Frost: The Early Years, 1874-1915, *by Lawrance Thompson (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 672 pp. $12.50), depicts the poet during his first four decades as doom-haunted, filled with resentment, intolerance, and self-pity. The well-known poet Louis Untermeyer is the editor of numerous anthologies of verse.*

By LOUIS UNTERMEYER

HERE is an important and provocative first installment of interpretive biography. The interpretation is pointed up in the introduction and underlies the biographical details that follow. Whether the interpretation is justified by the facts will be a matter of dispute.

Thompson has been amassing his data for more than thirty years, data gathered from casual conversations, intimate talks, countless letters, and innumerable background items unearthed from obscure or defunct journals. His conclusions may be challenged, but no one can question his energy, his far-flung research, and his indefatigable stone-turning. If the picture is sometimes blurred, it is because the public and private Frost often presented different features at different times. Thompson goes further. He notes that Frost manipulated facts to make a legendary image of himself. This process, says Thompson, "caused him to mingle self-deceptions with little falsehoods; it even caused him gradually to convince himself that some of the fictions were genuine truths."

Thompson also theorizes that Frost was confused about himself and that the confusion was due to his desire "to shape his life in accordance with his early and persistently mythic ideals of heroism." From this rather dubious assumption Thompson ascends the slippery ladder of probabilities. "The trouble may have started while he was listening to his mother's mythic accounts of heroes and heroic deeds. Back in his childhood, his vivid and undisciplined imagination could easily have jumbled the opposed notions of who he was and wanted to become. . . . His mother's well-intended encouragement may have helped him believe that he already possessed the virtues which could some day make him a hero." . . .

—*From the book.*

Robert Frost in England, 1913—"idealized postures"?

"Fond of Browning's poetry, she may have quoted the following lines to her son before he was old enough to understand them." . . . "Probably reassured" . . . "Presumably relishing the unforgettable panorama of lofty Sierras" . . . "Perhaps, during the bitter journey home, his dark thoughts of death may have purged him" . . . etc.

Occasionally Thompson seems so eager to show Frost in an unsympathetic light that he, Thompson, misinterprets the background of an attitude or a reaction. For example, he reproaches Frost by pointing to an inheritance left by a grandfather whom Frost considered a flint-hearted tyrant. The grandfather's will stipulated that the poet-farmer could never avail himself of any of the capital—the estate was valued at $17,000—but that Frost's share of the money should be doled out in installments over twenty years. For twenty years Frost had to struggle to support a growing family on a farm that scarcely yielded a living but which he could not afford to abandon until he was desperate enough to exchange part-time teaching and penury at home for near-poverty abroad. Yet Frost is blamed for not being properly grateful to a scornful grandfather who, according to Thompson, "expressed his devotion in ways which were unmistakably generous," but who, according to Frost, told the poet to "go out and die."

There are times when Thompson is too literal and too humorless. Knowing Frost's teasing kind of play, he should have realized that when Frost spoke of rounding off "my rather great academic career" he was not, as Thompson implies, boasting but bantering.

Emphasis is frequently placed on Frost as the person self-glorified, self-deceived, and self-protective, attempting to justify "his idealized image of who he was and how he thought he should be treated." Frost the poet, concludes Thompson, is almost equally vulnerable. "There were times when he made his poetry serve him merely as a means of escape from his confusions into idealized postures. There were other times when he made his poetry serve him privately as a means of striking back at, or of punishing, some individual who had intentionally or unintentionally hurt him. At his artistic best, he tried to make his poems provide an effective way of coming to grips with his inner and outer confusions."

Thompson does not slight the heavy odds against which Frost had to contend. "At last, and in spite of all his failures or shortcomings, he did realize some of the mythic ideals he set for himself starting in childhood. He did earn, with great difficulty, enough of the ideal virtues to deserve the heroic rank accorded him by the nation and the world."

As a biographer rather than an interpreter, Thompson is not only reliable but rewarding. He skillfully recreates Frost's early resentment of organized education and his resistance to teaching, to anything he could not learn by himself. As a child the thought of school gave him such severe stomach pains that he could not (or would not) attend classes and carried on his studies at home under the guidance of his mother, who had been a teacher. (This pattern was renewed later in life when Frost refused to adjust to any college curriculum; he quit Dartmouth after a few months and, although five years later he made a final attempt to subject himself to routine and entered Harvard, he left it in less than two years.) His sister was equally recalcitrant. She, too, refused to go to school, play with other children, even at times to leave her room. Thompson draws a pathetic portrait of the ill-fated Jeanie who, in her fifties, was to die in a State Hospital for the Insane.

Thompson is particularly graphic when he deals with Frost's perturbations and preoccupations and also with his fruitless occupations—cobbler's assistant, errand-boy, farmhand, factory employee, mill-worker, gatekeeper, caretaker, schoolteacher, reporter—and his inability to stick to anything except poetry. However, questions continually

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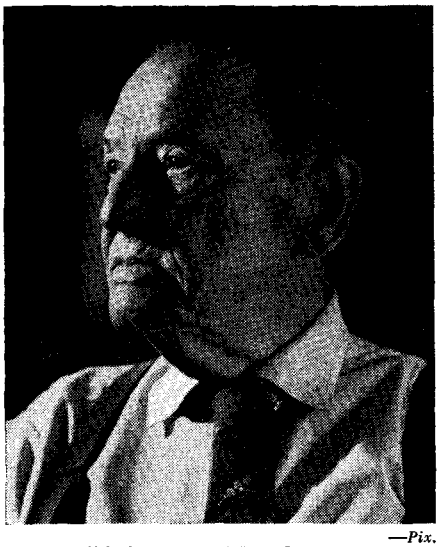
trouble the reader—at least this reader. One cannot know how much Frost may have embroidered an incident, how he may have suited what he had to say to his audience, or how dependable were the memories of those to whom he spoke. There is, for instance, the well-known but confusing tale of the time he ran away to the Dismal Swamp of Virginia. Did he go there (a) to commit suicide in order to punish a girl who would not be hurried into marriage, (b) to escape the many responsibilities that troubled him, or (c) to take off on a youthful tramping adventure into an unknown place with a mood-satisfying name? Thompson takes the first possibility solemnly. He believes Frost went there to throw his life away in the literal sense, yet how much was a serious suicidal determination and how much was talk will never be ascertained. The record shows that Frost did nothing disastrous, encountered nothing more dangerous than a few convivial hunters, with whom he shared their fried chicken, and, after some aimless wandering, returned home.

It is a doom-haunted early life that Thompson depicts, and it is a stern preparation for still more tragic events which were to ensue. Frost's father had died of tuberculosis in his thirty-fifth year; his mother succumbed to cancer; his only sister was a mental case; his first-born, a son, died of cholera at the age of four; a daughter died soon after birth—all this when Frost was in his twenties and at the beginning of his thirties, with a wife and four other children to provide for, while he was struggling with ever-increasing burdens, fighting for time, and groping toward the kind of poetry that only he could, somehow, write.

The picture presented is a grim one, and Thompson does not hesitate to intensify it. He also darkens it. He shows Frost as resentful, unjust, intolerant, self-pitying, and arrogantly self-centered; "lazy," "jealous," "cruel," "ruthless," "vindictive" are some of the characterizing adjectives.

If the emphasis seems to be misplaced, if there is little of the man who won friends with his native charm, his wry playfulness, and his stimulating intentness and interest, there is the most minute record of the course of Frost's wavering career. Slowly, year by year and often day by day, the book takes Frost from his California beginnings through his luckless boyhood, his haphazard education, his painful and usually frustrated efforts to find some sort of security, his jealousy-ridden courtship and demanding marriage, his failure at farming, his flight to England where, paradoxically, the most American of poets, neglected in his own country, had his first two volumes published—and finally, past forty, his return to an America that was now prepared to discover him.

Thompson has not scanted a setting, a passing occurrence, or the most trivial episode. His notes and references run to 128 pages. There are new sidelights and hitherto unpublished bits and pieces, a plenitude of items unavailable until now. If the biography seems overlong and overweighted—and this first volume covers less than half of Robert Frost's life—it is because minutiae are necessary for a completely conscientious examination. The work (apart from the word's connotation as a labor) will surprise the uninstructed reader and be a continual, if debatable, sourcebook for any thesis-writer hot for certainties. There may be more sharply delineated, closer-woven biographies of Robert Frost; there will be none more scrupulously detailed.



—*Pix.*

W. Somerset Maugham—"vengeance and malice."

A Notebook on the Writer

Remembering Mr. Maugham, *by Garson Kanin (Atheneum. 305 pp. $5.95), records meetings and conversations over twenty-five years of friendship with the dedicated craftsman who was a less than admirable human being. Brooks Atkinson, for many years drama critic on The New York Times, is the author of the recently published "Brief Chronicles."*

By BROOKS ATKINSON

IN ONE of his italic editorial comments Garson Kanin says that W. Somerset Maugham in his last years was "a broken, bitter, miserable old man—bereft and abandoned by all his relatives, defiant and remorseful by turns." With a kind of penultimate ferocity Maugham vilified his dead wife and living daughter in a startling bit of autobiography. In his ninety-second year he departed this life in a dingy cloud of senile vengeance and malice.

As an admirer of Maugham Mr. Kanin shudders a little in this book of reminiscences; he is both puzzled and revolted. After noting Noël Coward's disgust Mr. Kanin observes in another italic comment that "When all the facts were made known to him Coward concluded that Maugham's act was justified, if no less regrettable." Anyone with a normal appetite for scandal would dearly love to know what justified that final backlash from an old man expiring in the malevolence he had consistently cultivated.

Maugham's was never a noble life, and nothing became it less than his poisonous shuffle off to mortality. But there is an amusing point of view to add to this portrait. Maugham was a Restoration writer of the twentieth century. *The Circle, Our Betters,* and *The Constant Wife* are comedies of manners that can stand beside *The Country Wife, The Way of the World,* and *The Beaux' Stratagem*; and it is sardonically instructive to recall the foolish lives of the earlier playwrights: Wycherley's marriage to a rapacious adventuress eleven days before he died; Congreve's double-crossing of Ann Bracegirdle with the Duchess of Marlborough; Farquhar's naïve marriage to a penniless woman who promised to bring him a fortune. To write a heartless comedy of manners you had best be a scoundrel.

Mr. Kanin's collection of notes makes engrossing reading, and provides useful information about the times. He and his wife, Ruth Gordon, were friends of Maugham and met him frequently in America, England, and France. Beginning about a quarter of a century ago Mr. Kanin kept reports of the meetings and the conversations. They constitute a vivid portrait of a writer who was successful not only in the theater but as novelist and man of letters. He was a professional in the truest meaning of the word—"one who faces up to his responsibilities as a craftsman," in Mr. Kanin's phrase. "Genius does not have to take pains," he adds. "A professional has to and does."

For some reason impossible to fathom

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Mr. Kanin has scrambled the chronology of his notes—1962 follows 1949, 1953 follows 1960, etc. This impulsive scattering of dates becomes a little grisly when an entry about a lively social meeting follows a report of Maugham's death. After some comments on Maugham's obituaries in 1966, a note about a convivial dinner at the Claridge in 1954 ruefully begins: "His looks are changing." Well, no wonder!

In the early days of their acquaintance Mr. Kanin was trying to learn as much as possible of the craft of writing from a man who knew all about it, and his notes contain a good deal that is most interesting on the disciplines of writing. We are introduced to Maugham's literary models: Fielding, Dickens, Hazlitt, Cardinal Newman, Defoe, Trollope. And Maugham could not have been all bad: he disliked Henry James. Mr. Kanin seems to think it was a case of pique or jealousy. It was probably good taste.

Since Maugham and the Kanins led a glamorous life, there is some imposing name-dropping in this book—Noël, Ruth, Thornton, Kate, Spencer, George, Leonard, Vivien and Larry, Carol and Pimpy. (Answers to these cyphers will be provided for a suitable fee, which will be donated to your favorite charity.) These characters do say some amusing things. When Alan Lerner heard that *Of Human Bondage* was to be made into a musical show, he suggested an appropriate title: "Worst Foot Forward." Maugham did not relish the joke.

Lady Cunard is credited with a brilliant riposte. Maugham, a guest at a dinner she gave, announced that he would have to leave early. "I must get to bed if I want to keep my youth," he said. "Oh, but why didn't you bring him? We would have loved having him," the lady retorted. Years later Maugham maintained that this was a joke he had originally told Lady Cunard but which she had turned against him.

At any rate, someone in worldly society said it, and it is both witty and characteristic. In Restoration comedy a brilliant remark is rather to be chosen than a pious thought.

At Home in the Hall of Mirrors

The Sun King: Louis XIV at Versailles, *by Nancy Mitford (Harper & Row. 255 pp. $15), portrays the royal family, mistresses, and hangers-on who composed the modern world's most artificial and self-consciously aristocratic society. Leo Gershoy, professor of history at New York University, has written several books on the French Revolution and the fall of the Bourbon dynasty.*

By LEO GERSHOY

IN MOVING back in her literary journey from the eighteenth-century world of Mme. de Pompadour to the seventeenth-century universe of Louis XIV and Versailles, Nancy Mitford has in a sense not moved at all. For the courtiers of the Sun King were the grandfathers of the titled servitors of his immediate and direct successor. The cast was different; the spectacle was the same, if more lavish.

To that spectacle of gilded splendor Miss Mitford brings, as one would really expect, her vaunted skills and old interests. The graceful pen is there, the wit, the sharp eye, the sense of color. From the outset it is apparent that she has undertaken neither a rounded history nor a full biography of the monarch. The growth and the subsequent decline of the national economy, the fierce social tensions, and the religious disruptions, like the brief sections on institutional developments, the culture of the élites, or the folklore of the masses, when they are brought to the reader's attention, do not seriously distract him from the flow of the author's legato.

Her concern is with the story itself, the story of Louis XIV and the company he kept at the Versailles he loved obsessively and on which he spent funds whose magnitude we can only guess at. And her detailed pen picture of the pageantry in the most artificially contrived and self-consciously aristocratic society that the modern world has known is complemented by superb illustrations, of which fifty-six are color plates.

Engrossed by the play, neither carping nor censorious, Miss Mitford moves along easily from the building of the château to the last sorrowful days of the once gay but now repentant *grand monarque*. They are all there in this *Tout Versailles*: the hapless queen and the recognized mistresses; the children and the grandchildren, legitimate or otherwise; the dauphins and their consorts; the brother and his spouse and inamoratas, and all the lesser hangers-on who moved in that incredible world governed by an inflexible protocol and a staggeringly complicated etiquette. All the details are there about the players, whom the author regards as normally decent and ambitious people, the fortunate few whom the king deigned to notice; where they sat or stood and alongside whom, what they said and were permitted to say, how they hunted and gambled and loved, and what they ate and the purges they had to take afterwards.

Tolerant toward the entourage, Miss Mitford is also understanding about the Sun King himself, around whom the spectacle revolved and about whose appearance, personality, and character traits she tells us interesting things. Though not handsome, he was tall and dark with an excellent figure and perfect legs and hands; his nose, which was his salient feature, "only became Jewish when he was old." But his look was always noble, his gestures measured, his manners unfailingly polite. He would always take off his hat to women, "even to the smallest little housemaid." His courage was stoic, his self-control perfect. He was "a country person," mad about hunting, at which he excelled; he loved tulips but also liked daffodils and jonquils.

To be sure, he had his foibles. His religious convictions gave him no true humility and he had no real love of God. As for his people, "He seems to have felt unfriendly toward the poor and never wanted to hear about the sad and often desperate condition of the majority of his subjects. . . . Possibly he felt powerless to do anything for those in want . . . and could not bear the distressing truth; possibly he did not care." And more's the pity.

—From the book.

Mme. de Maintenon, by J.-B. Vanloo — Louis XIV would always take his hat off to women.

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The Nation's Principles in Practice

***An American Primer,** edited by Daniel J. Boorstin (University of Chicago Press. 2 vols. 994 pp. $14.95), traces the evolution of our national character as revealed in an aggregation of national papers. Raymond Walters, Jr., wrote "Albert Gallatin: Jeffersonian Financier and Diplomat" and "The Virginia Dynasty."*

By RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

ON THE face of it, Daniel J. Boorstin set out on a bootless errand when he undertook to compile a collection of laws, letters, speeches, poems, broadsides, and other documents that would reveal what there is about America and Americans that is unique, or admirable, or otherwise worthy of remembrance. The library shelves already groan under rows of such volumes, published during periods of national exultation or uncertainty.

The fruit of his labors superficially resembles the rest—a total of well over half a million words in two volumes, boxed. Among its fourscore exhibits are most of the time-honored documents: The Mayflower Compact, of course. The Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution. Washington's Farewell Address and the Monroe Doctrine. *McCulloch* vs. *Maryland* and the Emancipation Proclamation. And so on and on.

But behind the familiar façade are refreshing surprises. For although the purpose of *The American Primer* is as old as our national consciousness, Mr. Boorstin's way of achieving it is as new as the last third of the twentieth century. He sees our "living tradition," our "usable past" not merely in terms of institutions and ideals, as did most compilers before him, but in ways that have taken on particular significance since the end of the Second World War.

Mr. Boorstin, a leading historian on the faculty of the University of Chicago, nowhere says who picked the documents; the implication is that the choices are largely his. He has, however, enriched his collection in a novel way. He has persuaded distinguished historical scholars to "edit" the selections, a different authority for each. Samuel Eliot Morison, Edmund S. Morgan, Henry Steele Commager, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Clinton Rossiter, Richard B. Morris, Dumas Malone, L. H. Butterfield, Dexter Perkins, Roy F. Nichols, Allan Nevins, John D. Hicks, Ray Allen Billington, Richard Hofstadter, Arthur S. Link, Frank Freidel, William E. Leuchtenberg, Oscar Handlin, among others; the list of "editors" is almost a Who's Who of living American historians. Also present are writers eminent in particular specialties—Martin E. Marty and John Tracy Ellis on religious topics, Sidney Hook on philosophy, Lawrence A. Cremin on education, Daniel Bell on labor-management practices, Barbara M. Solomon on women's rights, Robert E. Spiller, Mark Schorer, and Richard Ellmann on literary history, to name a few.

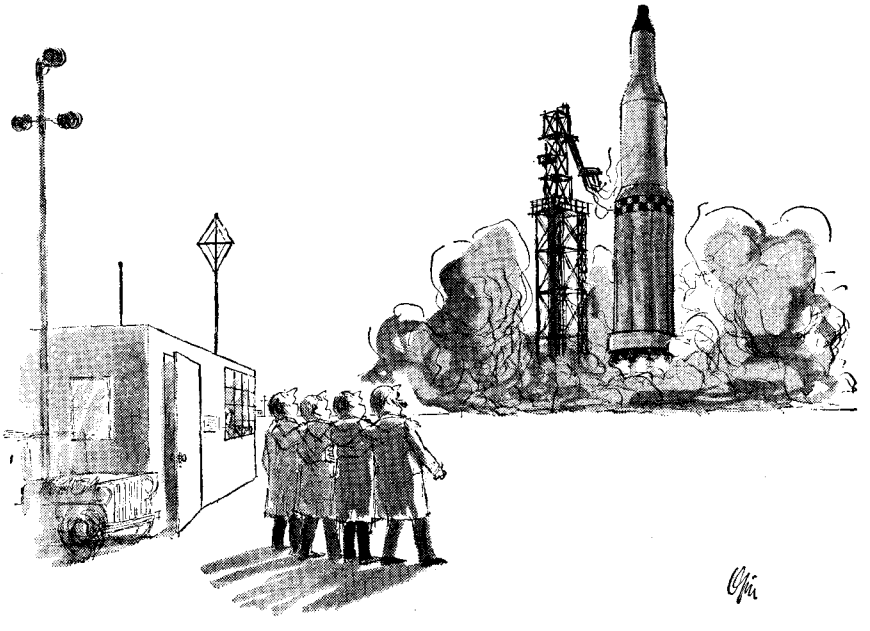
Each editor provides two statements about his document—a foreword describing the circumstances under which it came to be written, a postscript (or, as Mr. Boorstin calls it, an "afterlife") tracing its reputation and influence following the death of its author. The uniform style in which these are couched suggests that although they are based on material provided by the specialists, Mr. Boorstin ran them through his own typewriter before sending them off to the printer. The provenance of the text of each document is scrupulously set forth in footnotes. Oft-quoted phrases have been indexed to allow the work to be used as a kind of Bartlett's of Americana.

At the sight of a set like this, a Conscientious Citizen is apt to conclude that it would make an admirable Christmas gift for his children. It would nurture their patriotism and perhaps help them improve their grades. To a degree, he would be right. A bright high school student will learn something from Mr. Boorstin's collection, although he may find the archaic language of the early documents, the technicalities of the legal discussions, and the subtleties of some of the criticism rather heavy going. There are few battle cries to inspire the young here, no recitals of heroic derring-do—perhaps because Mr. Boorstin does not believe these exemplify qualities that are particularly American. When he uses the word "primer" in his title, Mr. Boorstin does not mean that he is offering a book for beginners but rather that he is concerned with elements, with fundamentals.

ODDLY enough, the person likely to benefit most from this primer is the Conscientious Citizen himself, someone who has already read a good deal in our history and has even lived through a certain amount of it. Here he will be able to read, in some instances for the first time, the text of documents that have been affecting his life but of which he is only half-consciously aware. For example:

- The 1809 plea of Jacob Henry, a Jew, that he be allowed to take the seat in the North Carolina legislature to which he had been elected despite the specification in the state constitution that no public official may deny "the truth of the Protestant religion."

- The 1861 address of Elizabeth Cady



"I'm a rambling wreck from Georgia Tech and a helluva an engineer."

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Stanton to the New York legislature arguing that the restrictive divorce laws of that state, supposedly designed to protect the rights of women, actually kept them in a status little better than slavery.

• A law of the Reconstruction period, intended to establish standards of loyalty for federal office-holding by pardoned Civil War "rebels," that has been used as a precedent to restrict the rights of federal and state office-holders.

• The appeal made in 1887 by James Cardinal Gibbons of Baltimore to the Roman Curia not to restrain American Catholics from joining a labor union.

• A description written eighty years ago by Thomas Alva Edison of his laboratory for industrial research in rural New Jersey, the prototype of thousands of present-day industrial laboratories.

• The speech a consulting engineer named Frederick W. Taylor made to a Congressional committee in 1912, in which he expounded theories of "scientific management" that were to alter profoundly the conduct of industry.

• The 1894 catalogue of Sears, Roebuck and Company ("A Money Saver for Everyone") exemplifying practices that were to revolutionize retail selling.

• An essay written by Jacob Riis in 1902, one of the first times the more dreadful consequences of urbanization were squarely faced.

By all odds the most valuable feature of *The American Primer* is its "afterlifes." Nearly every one of these postscripts will throw new light on its document for most readers. For example:

• Benjamin Franklin's 1757 piece on "The Way to Wealth," which gave Max Weber and D. H. Lawrence, two ill-informed foreigners, an occasion to misrepresent its many-sided author, with the result that many Americans today misunderstand the character of one of the greatest of Yankees.

• A popular ballad written about 1872, celebrating the exploits of one John Henry, a Negro construction worker on a West Virginia railroad tunnel, which has recently attained its widest currency by taking on Freudian and racist overtones.

• Verses written by a minor poet named Emma Lazarus in 1883 to memorialize victims of Russian pogroms and to raise funds for the completion of the Statue of Liberty which, though not highly esteemed at the time, have in our day been diligently used to propagate an eclectic sense of American nationality.

• In one "afterlife" account, William E. Leuchtenberg argues persuasively that the widely held impression that popular reaction to his 1937 "quarantine" address caused Franklin D. Roosevelt to abandon his policy of internationalism does not accord with the facts.

Almost every reader will think of some aspect of our heritage that he believes *The American Primer* has slighted. I myself sense a neglect of the tradition of the fine arts and the pure sciences.

Such omissions are understandable in the light of what has been happening to ourselves and our society during the last half century. In the past, volumes designed to epitomize the national character pictured Americans as a God-fearing people, inspired by a sense of mission, determined to make hope, faith, freedom, and charity available to all. This simplistic view gratified nearly everyone.

As Mr. Boorstin's book testifies, the image of themselves most Americans now carry around is more sophisticated. They now see their heritage as rich in complexity and in paradox and as constantly changing. They are optimistic, but they acknowledge that their possibilities are not unbounded. They are idealistic, but their way of thought and action derives from pragmatism. They count willingness to compromise a virtue. They believe in democracy and in education as a way of equalizing opportunity—but their notion as to what constitutes a proper education fluctuates with the times. Their ideal is of a strong President and a strong federal government during the periods they are not celebrating strong legislatures and strong local governments. Their notions of what is "conservative" and what is "liberal" alter almost from decade to decade. They believe in the individual but have high regard for cooperation. Through their government and businesses they act on a global scale, yet as individuals they preserve many of the suspicions and prejudices of the provincial. They are proud of their past but quickly change the subject when such matters as their relations with the Indians are raised. The course of much of their history has been determined by accident or by the caprice of personality, but they profess abiding faith in God and in reason. Little wonder that the documents and testaments of the American past that have proved most durable are those that are ambiguously phrased or are flexible in application.

A thing of endless fascination, the American heritage. Mr. Boorstin has captured most of it and illuminated it brilliantly in his stimulating collection.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

FOR ART'S SAKE

Albert W. Dowling of Baltimore suggests art as a change of pace, and challenges you to fill in the surnames by which these famous painters are known. See page 38 for the museum directory.

1. Jean Baptiste Camille _____
2. Jean Baptiste Siméon _____
3. Jean Louis André Théodore _____
4. Jean Honoré _____
5. Jean Auguste Dominique _____
6. Pierre Auguste _____
7. John James _____
8. Joseph Mallord William _____
9. Michelangelo Amerighi da _____
10. Amedeo _____
11. Henri Marie Raymond de _____
12. Eugène Henri Paul _____
13. Ferdinand Victor Eugène _____
14. Hilaire Germain Edgar _____
15. Diego Rodríguez de Silva y _____
16. Francisco José de _____ y Lucientes

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A President's First Politics

The Papers of Woodrow Wilson, Volume I: 1856-1880, *edited by Arthur S. Link and others (Princeton University Press. 715 pp. $15), covers the future President's years at Princeton and the University of Virginia, when he was pessimistic about the workings of representative democracy. Harry Hansen frequently discusses books dealing with personalities of the World War I period.*

By HARRY HANSEN

THOMAS WOODROW WILSON, known as Tommy but never as Woodrow at Princeton and the University of Virginia, from 1875-80, was an earnest student of political responsibility. Critical of the excesses of popular government and eager to test his abilities in debate, he looked forward to leadership. Because these college years saw the genesis of his resolute and reflective spirit, this volume provides a rewarding opportunity for a new acquaintance with a remarkable American.

The book is the first fruit of the patient work of collecting the letters, essays, addresses, and documents of Woodrow Wilson, which are expected to total forty volumes. It is a most gratifying example of selectivity and arrangement by a board of editors headed by Arthur S. Link. Link's biography of Wilson, now in its fifth volume, testifies to his ability to drive a clear path through a labyrinthine mass of records and events. The treasure here exposed indicates what a wealth of hitherto inaccessible material will become available to students of biography and political history. The editors help the reader unobtrusively, never getting in the way of the text. Thus Wilson's letters amount to an autobiography, amplified by those from his devoted parents, whose warm affection and support are exemplary.

Wilson taught himself the Graham system of shorthand, which he used in his diary, in the classroom, and even when President. Transcribing his college shorthand was an adventure in itself; the editors were able to get the help of Clifford P. Gehman of Denver, a Graham expert who had used the same textbook editions as Wilson. He began transcribing in October 1959 and is still at it in 1966, at the age of ninety-one.

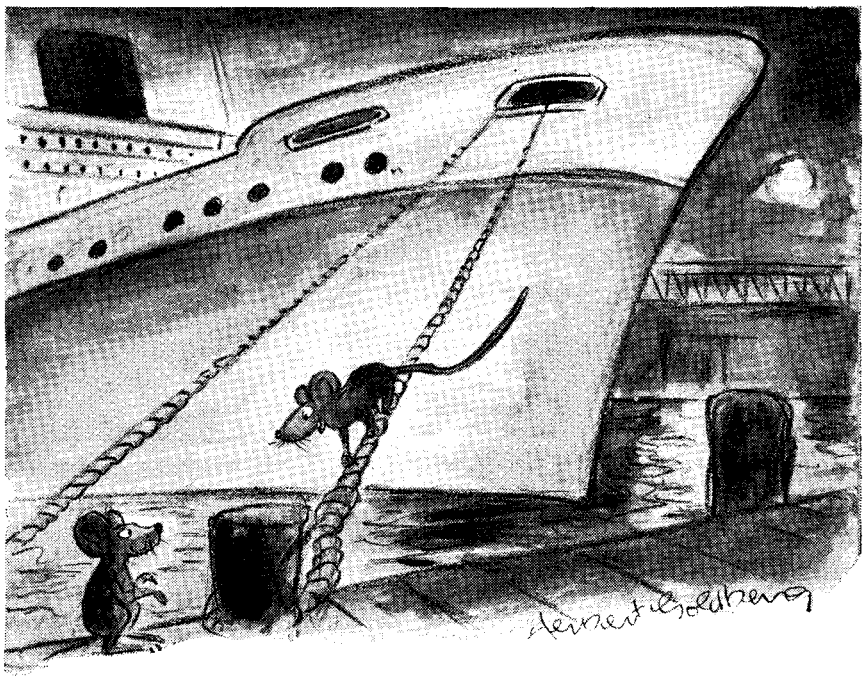
Important to a study of Wilson's emerging political convictions are two essays, "Cabinet Growth in the United States" and "Congressional Government." In the first, Tommy Wilson examined with favor the English system of cabinet responsibility and discussed its application to the United States. (It appears that a draft of this essay was accepted for the *International Review* by a junior editor named Henry Cabot Lodge.) The second essay is the best-known of Wilson's writings; its date here is 1879. There are also essays on Gladstone, Chatham, John Bright, and Bismarck, whose sense of responsibility and firmness Wilson admired. In addition he presented arguments for support of education by the state, especially in the South, on the ground that the uneducated are a danger, and he urged "thorough, untiring, undiscouraged instruction" to aid the vast number of colored voters.

At this time neither Wilson nor his father, Joseph Ruggles Wilson, approved of universal suffrage. Usually a man of balanced judgment, the elder Wilson, who had passed through the hard days of Reconstruction, broke his poise to exclaim: "Either a limitation of suffrage or anarchy in twenty-five years!" The provocation was the 1879 Lynde debate at Princeton, for which Tommy had hoped to be chosen, but from which he withdrew when he learned that he was to defend universal suffrage. A year later, he favored restricting suffrage. His distrust of the masses recalls his reticences while President, when even his closest associates in the Cabinet remained uninformed.

Wilson, who went to the University of Virginia to study law, left in 1880 because of digestive ailments. He valued the law course but found the companionship less congenial than at Princeton; there was no class spirit, and students associated chiefly in groups. He did join a fraternity—with eight members.

A critical observer of the workings of representative democracy, Wilson had his pessimistic views reinforced when Samuel J. Tilden was cheated out of the Presidency by the chicanery of Republican campaign managers. As a Southern-born Democrat who looked on states' rights as a bulwark against central oppression, Wilson dismissed Hayes as "that weak instrument of corrupt Republicans." In later political life Wilson was cast for an anti-Republican role, which may have contributed to his exclusion of Republicans even from the peace commission forty-two years later.

One major contribution of this book is its disclosure that Woodrow Wilson's father was an uncommon parent and mentor whose influence on his son's career as writer and speaker was strong. Born in Ohio, the senior Wilson attended several colleges, including Princeton Theological Seminary. Ordained a Presbyterian minister in 1849, he became successively a professor of rhetoric, chemistry, and natural science. He was also a pastor at Staunton, Virginia (where T. W. W. was born), at Augusta, George, and at Wilmington, North Carolina, and became a founder of the Presbyterian Church of the Confederate



"I simply adored Italy"

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States of America. Entirely free of pedantry and parental admonitions, he read his son's essays with eager interest, suggested improvements in thought and expression, minimized disappointments, and provided counsel that would benefit any aspiring collegian today.

When Joseph Ruggles Wilson writes to his son he addresses not a youth but a mature man whose intelligence delights him. When Wilson is sorely hurt by failing to get into the junior oratorical contest at Princeton, his father tells Tommy the blow will bring out his mettle, asks him to replace ambition with industry, and commends patient study of mathematics, languages, science, and philosophy. "Can you hope to jump into eminency all at once?" He urges Wilson to acquire the habit of cautious thinking, "thinking which has mental eyes for looking all around and all through a subject, and which indulges in no statements for the support of which there is not good proof." Oratory was close to the young man's heart; the fundamentals that his father stressed in these letters served him well in later life, when he used his persuasive powers to move the nation from isolation to militant defense.

Janet Woodrow Wilson enfolds her son with a mother's love, worries about his food and clothing, and encourages his efforts to learn and excel. Her letters reflect the warmth of family life. "What sort of eating have you?" she asks. "Is your food wholesome? I have feared that your silence on the subject was rather an unfavorable sign." Born in Carlisle, England, she was five when brought to Ohio, where her father became a Presbyterian pastor. One brief paragraph in a letter to her son in 1878 opens a subject for speculation. She asks whether Tommy would like to settle in Nebraska after completing his studies; they have "some very beautiful land near Fremont," and she thinks they might go there and perhaps find a good opening for him. The notes indicate Tommy was weighing possibilities for a future career. Suppose he had settled in Nebraska? This is one of those unanswerable questions that attend destiny.

A Manifest Destiny of Change

The Great Leap: The Past Twenty-Five Years in America, *by John Brooks (Harper & Row. 382 pp. $6.95), while regarding the past quarter-century as a period of unprecedented change in our national life, resists generalizations about the cultural explosion, the organization man, and mass conformity. Robert Stein is editor of McCall's magazine and chairman of the American Society of Magazine Editors.*

By ROBERT STEIN

THE MOST categorical statement to be found in *The Great Leap* is its title. John Brooks contends that the past quarter-century "has seen such rapid and far-reaching changes in many aspects of American life as are not only unprecedented in our own national experience, but may well be unprecedented in that of any nation other than those that have been suddenly transformed by the devastation of war or plague."

Curiously but happily, this sweeping generalization is supported by a series of carefully balanced essays on various aspects of American life that are far removed from the usual hyperbole of popular social critics and social historians. In fact, one of the charms of *The Great Leap* is its calm and often wry determination to resist swallowing whole such propositions as the cultural explosion, the organization man, the growth of social conformity, and the flattening of our tastes and thought by the mass media.

Mr. Brooks does assert that the United States has grown infinitely bigger, richer, and more powerful since 1939; that we have become largely an urban middle-class nation, and that these changes have profoundly altered our lives in many ways. All this is obvious enough, but Mr. Brooks brings a rare combination of talents to his broad portrait of the social landscape. As a writer on economics he deftly sketches in the statistical dimensions: everything from personal debt to the national budget seems to have increased tenfold or more in twenty-five years. As a cultural reporter, he traces the changing emphasis in art, literature, and music from formal communication to spontaneous self-expression. And with a novelist's eye he lights on small but significant detail: the real end of anti-Semitism in this country was marked by Emily Post's prescription of the proper form of invitation for a Protestant-Jewish wedding. ("When the formidable Mrs. Post was explaining *how* to do it, surely there could no longer be any question about the social correctness of doing it at all!")

While Mr. Brooks qualifies his hopefulness everywhere, particularly about race relations and the preservation of our cities and countryside, the essential mood of his book is one of civilized optimism. He finds that Big Business and even Madison Avenue are more responsible than ever before. He considers the fact "that youth has refound its political voice, however raucous a voice, is occasion for rejoicing." And he even risks the disapproval of his *New Yorker* colleague Dwight Macdonald, the deplorer of "midcult," by maintaining that "tele-

vision, books, magazines, cultural events, even half-grasped psychoanalytic concepts have tended to widen our field of vision. . . . The case that the mass media have forced nearly all of us into a single mold is a weak one."

The only problem with *The Great Leap,* readable and judicious as it is, is the sense of seeing images reflected and re-reflected, as in an old-fashioned barber shop where facing mirrors seem to offer infinite vistas in depth which turn out to be based on a single real object. Mr. Brooks is forever quoting someone whose analysis may have been based on observations by someone else. His sources cover the entire range of tireless measurers and observers of American life, from the Lynds and Margaret Mead to Vance Packard and William H. Whyte, Jr. The author himself seems to be aware of this phenomenon when he refers to foundations as "vintage navel-contemplators." But, characteristically, he describes it with another man's phrase—Eric Larrabee's "the self-conscious society."

But the scope of *The Great Leap* makes such reliance on other sources inevitable. To those who will find fault with the careful symmetry of the interpretations, it should be made clear that Mr. Brooks's main goal is coherence rather than firm conclusions. And if he is open to charges of shallowness by specialists and of blandness by the general reader, it should be noted that there are no shortages of narrow scholarly examinations or overheated popular exposés of American life. *The Great Leap* is rare and valuable because it tries to see us whole in cool and civilized perspective.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. Corot. 2. Chardin. 3. Géricault. 4. Fragonard. 5. Ingres. 6. Renoir. 7. Audubon. 8. Turner. 9. Caravaggio. 10. Modigliani. 11. Toulouse-Lautrec. 12. Gauguin. 13. Delacroix. 14. Degas. 15. Velásquez. 16. Goya.

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Neighborly for the Common Good

As a City Upon a Hill: The Town in American History, *by Page Smith (Knopf. 332 pp. $6.95), examines the ways in which the small community has shaped our national culture. Biographer and historian Margaret L. Coit hails from the town of West Newbury, Massachusetts: population, 2,000.*

By MARGARET L. COIT

THE SMALL town as myth and reality is the subject of Page Smith's thoughtful, challenging, but occasionally unsatisfying book. As the nineteenth century looked back to Jefferson's independent yeoman, so the American of today looks back to the small town of his roots or his dreams.

For purposes of definition, Dr. Smith, prize-winning biographer of John Adams, sees the United States as settled by two kinds of towns. One, the cumulative town, just grew, because a river was there or a railroad was going to be there or a trading center was needed for the farmers. The other, the covenanted town, dates back to John Winthrop and the Puritans. It was settled by a group covenanted to the ideal of advancing God's kingdom on earth. Towns of this kind were being founded well into the nineteenth century. When the old faith faded, there were new causes; for years temperance did very well. Few historians, Smith contends, have paid attention to how this type of community has shaped our national culture.

Smith sees the town as a far more formative part of the American experience than the frontier. The frontier moved on; the towns and town-builders remained. He goes far to explain the innate conservatism of so much of the American West and Middle West: the area was colonized by Easterners, often fleeing to preserve orthodoxy rather than in defiance of it. Thus, these colonized or covenanted towns fought sin, cities, Sabbath-breaking, anything that endangered the common safety. God ruled as the Father, and the sin of one member of the community might bring down His wrath upon all.

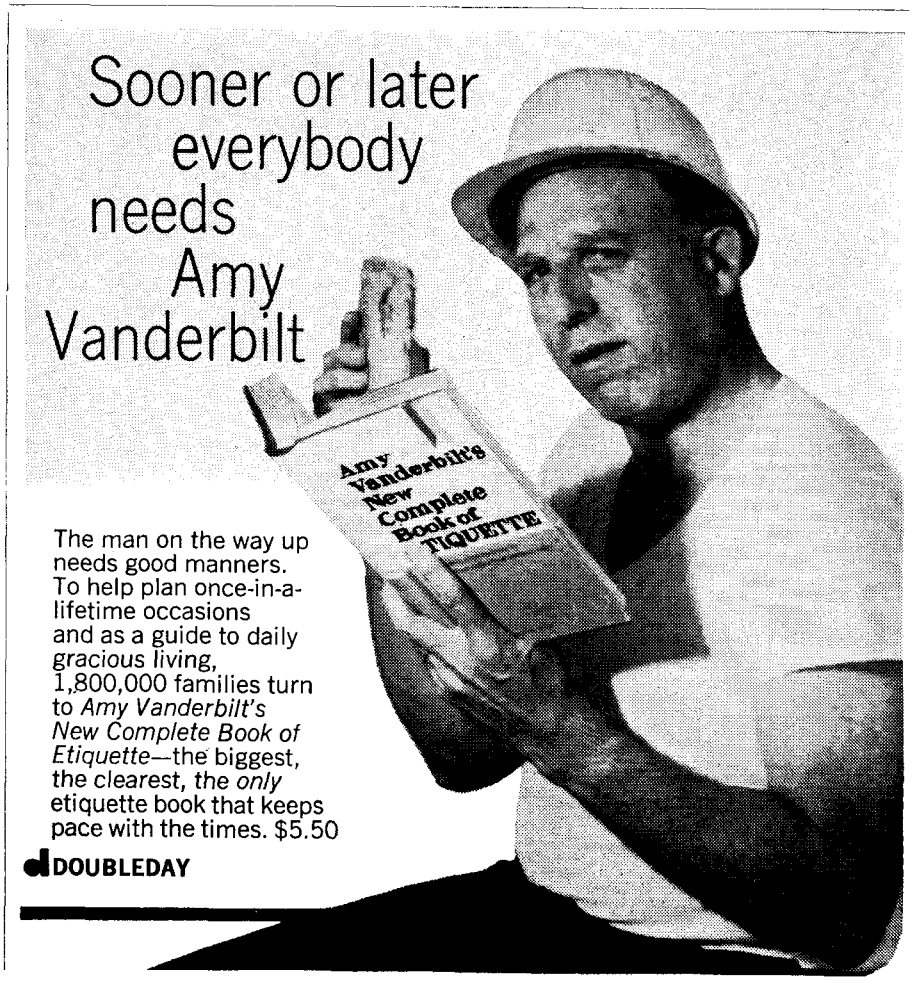
And here is the paradox. The small town, not the New Deal or the Great Society, was the original welfare state. From the time of Winthrop, townspeople had looked upon themselves as knit together, of "one bond," and had seen God's intention as that "every man might have need of each other." Never did the small towns dream that capitalism and the city would ever be equated with "the American way of life." It was in the city that "rugged individualism" flourished, that you "got rich quick," where you looked out for yourself and guarded yourself against your neighbor. The cities, according to McGuffey's *Reader*, then as now were sinkholes of poverty and corruption.

But in the towns the community, the common good, was of more importance than the individual. In the towns was virtually a classless society, neighbor cared for neighbor, helping each other in misfortune. It was axiomatic that "members of the community must be provided for . . . if they were not able to take care of themselves." A cow might be bought, doctor's bills paid, clothing furnished, employment found. But help was for the "deserving poor"; poor and deserving were not, as they are now, synonymous terms. Those who refused to work were made to work.

On the other hand, cumulative towns, whose ideal was success, sometimes found it, as did Holyoke, Massachusetts. At the same time, its disease and death rate tripled and it was unable to provide for its paupers. Little towns whose ideal was making a living rather than learning to live often went the same way. Towns pretending to represent the country parroted the cries of the cities, and even the covenanted towns eventually became suburbs.

STILL another paradox: according to President Johnson's most recent polls, over 50 per cent of Americans today would prefer to live on a farm or in a genuine small town. Yet 70 per cent actually live in cities or suburbs, with more streaming in all the time. Special inducements may have to be offered to our rural population to maintain our normal food supplies. People may want to go back to the farm and the small town, but those who are there do not want to stay.

Now, what were once genuine small towns are filling with refugees from the cities. Philosopher Martin Buber has said that a town is a community only when one's relation to it overrides everything else. For all his hankering for the town, the newcomer's loyalty is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not there. His class, his profession, his "company" are foremost. He tolerates such natives as are most like himself, and looks with condescension on the others. Town problems are often beneath his notice. But he stamps his image and city values upon the towns so indelibly that no longer will youngsters go forth to the cities with a sense of mission, convinced of their own superiority. Once again, as in the nineteenth century, many small towns are becoming "company towns," swallowed up in the formlessness of the city or the corporation.

Smith is weakest in his assessment of small-town politics, whose officialdom he sees as pledged to promote harmony. It is here that he gives the impression of having studied rather than lived through the small-town experience. Certainly, officials of New England town meetings have never been noted for harmony. Nor does Mr. Smith give us any sense of the manipulations, log-rolling, and the "invisible government" so often characteristic of small communities, and so vividly depicted in Arthur Vidich and Joseph Bensman's *Small Town in Mass Society*. He does recognize the leadership of what he calls a town élite, of moral worth as opposed to financial pre-eminence. What he does not say is that moral authority diminishes pretty rapidly unless bolstered by some degree of financial authority.

LIKE many others, Smith is inclined to overidealize the small town, the home place where all were safe and all had the sense of belonging to a single family. Again, citing Buber's assertion that a nation is a "community of communities," he credits the small towns, New England towns in particular, with inspiring not only the Revolution but also the sense of community that made the nation possible. Here he overlooks the importance of the states in making the country, and the fact that for the Southerner the mystique, the sense of belonging to a certain state, was no less intense than the feeling of the Northerner for his town.

More light might have been shed here had Smith discussed the Southern town, certainly a focal point for such students of the American myth as Wolfe and Faulkner. He decided not to do so, he writes, because the large number of Negroes made these towns unique! By this logic New York would not qualify for study as a big city because of its large Negro population, and neither would Chicago or Los Angeles.

Nor does he show why, if "rugged individualism" was not a small-town ideal, so many remarkable individuals came out of the towns to stamp their will and ways upon the city. He does show that the town has dominated our literature from Hawthorne on, as something to escape from or to look back to. It is in these terms that Dr. Smith sees Thomas Wolfe and Ross Lockridge as the two who came closest to writing the mythical "great American novel." For each asked what it meant to be an American, and from their own vitality and chaos each looked outward to small-town America to find the inner meaning of self. Few would deny Dr. Smith's conclusion that the experience of the small town, the link between city and farm, colored the outlook and thinking of almost all Americans prior to the twentieth century, and still lingers as dream and afterglow.

The Good Old Days of the Future

Capable of Honor, *by Allen Drury (Doubleday. 531 pp. $5.95), continuing the Capitol saga begun with "Advise and Consent," projects us into a future in which the Russians have a manned satellite on the moon and U.S. politics are manipulated by a dastardly newspaper columnist. Nicholas Samstag, the author of six books, was for twenty years an executive of Time Incorporated.*

By NICHOLAS SAMSTAG

HERE is a book that asks its readers to identify with what most of us have come to think of as The Bad Guys, the Bloody Confraternity of the Hawks. And so swiftly, with such realism and panache, does it highball down its track of imagined history-to-come that it almost succeeds. Certainly this is an unsettling experience because (to tell the unsavory truth) it is so satisfying. The process of visualizing his Uncle Sam evening the score with all those lousy little nations that have burned our libraries, broken our embassy windows, and cocked their snooks at us for years was a most refreshing catharsis for at least one Man of Good Will. "Aha!" thought your reviewer, as he was supposed to think, "for too long they have counted on The Bomb to stay our hand! *Now* we have shown them!" Of such dreams are the Kingdom of Hell.

Most of us have read at least some British history describing America's glorious war of the revolution. Or some German journalist's account of the world wars written from the Prussian or Nazi point of view. These works disorient one also—but not so much, I think, as do historical novels like Kenneth Roberts's *Oliver Wiswell* or the postwar German novels in which you must feel as the protagonists feel or be left far behind.

Well, if in the present dispute over Vietnam your proclivities are Dove-ish, here is a rare chance to get yourself emotionally disoriented not about the past but about the immediate future, by reading what it was like to be a Hawk back when television, radio, The Greatest Publication That Absolutely Ever Was, and all The Press (including, especially, that kingly kolumnist Walter Wonderful) were poisoning the minds of Americans in the most dastardly and effective ways. These included burying and distorting the truth about the Hawks' policies, which at that time, according to Demiurge Drury, were focused on keeping our armed forces in the field to fight revolutionaries threatening the lawful governments of Panamá and Gorotoland. Both nations had asked us for aid, both claimed that their rebellions were Communist-inspired, and, as one would expect them to do under such conditions, the insurgents were casually killing Americans and destroying American property in both countries. That the régimes in power might or might not have been unbearably repressive made no nevermind as long as they had contracted with us to let us erect oil installations, rent a canal, or make money out of them in some other way. And if, as a result of our thus protecting our Honor with our napalm, the last of the Great Wars ensued with everyone disappearing in a series of mushroom clouds, that was the price one paid.

The dark ways of The Press in those days to come also involved underplaying the true justice of the Hawks' position by snickering at their spokesmen (through radio commentators and Meet-the-Pressings), shrugging them off (on television interviews and public platforms), and snide-writing about their ideas (in the newspapers, magazines, and pundit-books of the time). Meanwhile, everything was reversed where the Doves were concerned. *They* were whitewashed and ennobled and deferred to as if they were paying the salaries of the entire fourth estate.

As you may by now suspect, *Capable of Honor* is set some decades hence, when the Russians have a manned satellite on the moon and things in general have not at all improved. This is Allen Drury's third act of aggression against

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American politics in the trilogy he originated with the publication of *Advise and Consent*, described by *The Reader's Encyclopedia of American Literature* as "a sprawling, improbable chronicle" but awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1960. Many of the characters who appeared there (and in the second book of the series, *A Shade of Difference*) continue to strut across the nation's stage and hurl their eloquentia against its eardrums in this unputdownable piece of melodrama. "A Note to the Reader" summarizes the first two volumes in a paragraph each, after which come two full pages listing some two score and ten persons and personages from Frankly Unctuous, anchor man for a television network, to the President of the United States. This host is headlined, "Major Characters in the Novel"—a touch that must tend to discourage many.

BUT they will miss a great deal of something very close to both truth and fun if they are scared away by that massive cast of characters. This tale of how the evil, evil varlets of The Press, headed by the revered columnist Walter Dobius ("Walter Wonderful"), are foiled in their fiendishly clever attempts to assassinate the character of our noble and friendly President, Harley Hudson, and his dedicated if acrimonious Secretary of State, Orrin Knox, makes great airplane reading. The saga will take you back and forth across the country in what seems an hour of supersonic flying each way—and this goes for you no matter how proof you may feel yourself to be against this sort of thing. (What sort of thing? Can you think of anyone else writing historical novels about the very immediate future?)

There are great accuracies in these pages. Never have the cocktail parties, conventions, and confidential plotting, the cat-talk and wolf-talk, the rodomontade and secret doubts of men high on the power pyramid been more authentically portrayed. Do not make the mistake of disbelieving Drury merely because you dislike both what he is saying and the way he is saying it. The flattery he reports is not too obvious to get the results he has it obtain; the pompousness he describes is not incredible; the rationalizing of their broken promises by these power-hypnotized men is not too flimsy to bring them, if not peace of mind, at least the courage to go on. Men *are* like this.

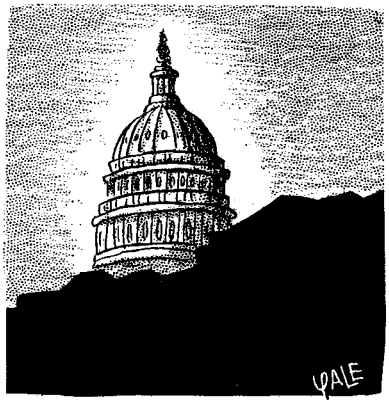
Drury doesn't write very well or pay much attention to the fact that he doesn't. Neither he nor his editor catches adjacent homonyms or redundancies or even solecisms (such as those on pages 58, 127, and 481, to finger just a few). Drury overdoes his satire like a Midwesterner's steak; the obviousness of it in his account of Selena Jason's party (pages 74-78) will make you squirm. He has his prize horror, Walter, say anything at all to blacken his own character further. (Typical "Wonderful" goody: "Yesterday, one could say, 'God help the United States.' Today, one doubts that He would dare.") His love scenes are sappy, and all the wives of his politicos are not just mates but running mates—sweet, feminine, understanding pals who are Their Husbands' Greatest Assets. But *il marche!* My God, how *il marche!*

Several serious questions loom behind this breathless, 531-page marathon. Where, for example, has America failed, that so large a part of its people can believe that so large another part is so deadly set on destroying their country? Our President says, "Let us sit down and reason together," but we don't and he doesn't, while the mobs break loose more and more often and hatred runs so hot and bitter that citizens need police escorts just to get on with their ordinary lives.

And what about our benefactors of great wealth who enter politics with their ancestral millions? Are we about to see the man of average income frozen out of politics, while political mergers multiply like our industrial ones until two great wealthy families face one another at the polls instead of two political parties?

AND how long will our voters tolerate the refusal of their leaders on both sides to divest themselves unequivocally of hate groups like Mr. Drury's DEFY (the Defenders of Equality for You) and COMFORT (the Committee on Making Further Offers for a Russian Truce) and KEEP (the Konference on Efforts to Encourage Patriotism)? and cannot we jettison or render impotent pork-barreling county chairmen like Joe Smitters, Bill Smatters, Bob Smutters, John Smotters, and good old Buddy Smetters?

If there isn't a better way to solve the human predicament, isn't there at least a more dignified way, less capable of horror?



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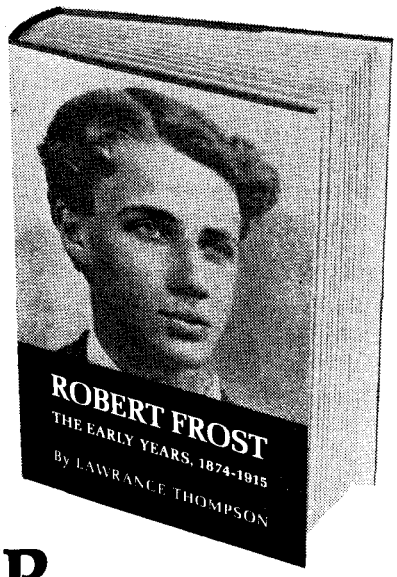

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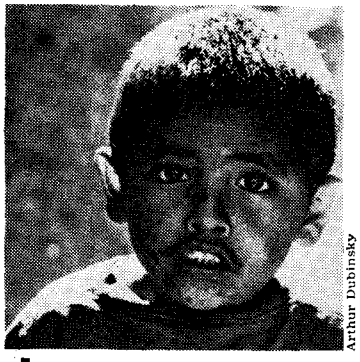

Arthur Dubinsky

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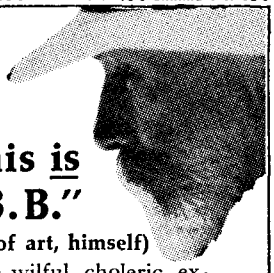

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The Irony of Murder

***Sunday* and *The Little Man from Archangel*,** *by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Nigel Ryan (Harcourt, Brace & World. 267 pp. $4.95), deal with the unexpected consequences of widely dissimilar acts by widely dissimilar husbands. Patricia MacManus is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By PATRICIA MacMANUS

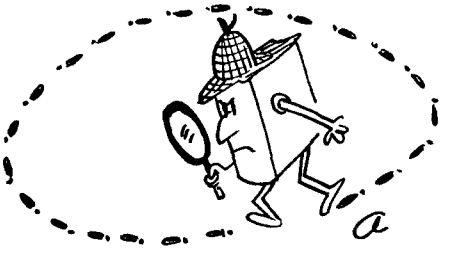
COMMENTING on Georges Simenon's productivity—something like 500 novels in roughly forty years—is by now as supererogatory as, say, commenting on the physique of the giraffe; there it is—a phenomenon *sui generis*. However, that first-class literary works have been spawned in the course of this seemingly compulsive cohabitation with the Muse ought to be a rich source for impressively elusive commentary by some thesis-hunting littérateur. By all quantitative odds, Mr. Simenon should be uncontested King of the Hacks; instead, critics recognize in his latter-day fiction a narrative stylist with few peers and a master at delineating oddities of human motivation.

A pulp-writer in his early years, Simenon tossed off a novel a month, progressing at twenty-seven to the urbane Inspector Maigret series, which he regards as the "semiliterary" bridge to the serious novels that were to follow, such as the two here under review. Both of these new works are intensely compressed, psychologically focused dramas in which the Simenon manner—laconic, explicit, swift-paced—is as integral to the matter as flesh is to bone. Here, as elsewhere, he presents life bare, as it were, the tautly structured plots stripped of all but the most relevant subjective elements.

A recurrent Simenon theme is the central issue in each novel: the uncalculated and incalculable consequences that can follow on an irrevocable act. In *Sunday* it is the act of a nominally ordinary man made desperate after years of "adapting himself to reality"—the reality being a *mariage de convenance* with a joyless woman who owns the provincial inn of which he is ostensibly the *patron*. Involving himself in an affair with a half-wild serving-girl, the husband, Emile, is found out by his wife, and the humiliation to which she subjects him drains his scant moral reserves till suddenly, "like something self-evident," he knows, *"I shall kill her."* Thus begins his preparation for an act which, with patience and cunning, he waits to set in motion until the exactly propitious moment arrives. When it does—too late to arrest his action—a counter-act of even more premeditated cunning takes control, with gruesomely ironic results.

In contrast to the subhuman self-servers in *Sunday*, the protagonist of *The Little Man from Archangel* is a good man enmeshed by an unpremeditated lie in defense of a scapegrace woman. Kafkaesque in its implications, the drama turns on the situation of a gentle, Russian-born bookseller who, though he has lived for many years in a tight-veined French town, never forgets that "he was a foreigner, a member of another race," and so "behaved with the discretion of a guest," treasuring the slightly formal kinship he is accorded by his neighbors. He doesn't even mind their grins when, nearing forty, he marries the shop-soiled beauty who is his domestic. Then one fine evening his restless wife goes visiting and doesn't return. Sure that she'll come back when she's had her fling, Jonas Milk tells inquirers, "She's gone to Bourges," adding innocuous details to the original fabrication as the days pass "in the belief that it was Gina he was protecting." Finally the local police begin questioning him. His wife is *not* in Bourges, correct? Why had he lied about it? Why had he, a Jew, become a Catholic? The "why's" pile up, spread through the town, and "he was no longer Monsieur Jonas . . . whom everybody greeted cheerfully. . . . He had become a foreigner again overnight, a man from another world. . . ." At last, driven to the limits of his sensitive humanity, the little man from Archangel resolves the matter in his own way, leaving the world to untangle his "lie."

Though improbabilities thread both these tales, in Simenon's hands disbelief is willingly suspended; and is that not art?



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An Arena for Asian Affairs

The Changing Face of Southeast Asia, *by Amry Vandenbosch and Richard Butwell (University of Kentucky Press. 438 pp. $7.50), not only probes the immediate problem of Vietnam but considers the future impact of Indonesia, the Philippines, and Thailand. John M. Allison, former Assistant Secretary of State for the Far East, was Ambassador to Indonesia from 1957-58.*

By JOHN M. ALLISON

IN A television interview last April, Vice President Hubert Humphrey, discussing American involvement in Southeast Asia, stated that "Our first objective . . . should be to be better acquainted with this part of the world in depth, to know more." Looking anew at a scene about which they wrote a decade ago, Amry Vandenbosch and Richard Butwell are attempting in this work to help the American people to know more about the eight nations and the more than 200 million people included in this tremendously important part of the world known as Southeast Asia.

Many of our present troubles there are due to ignorance of the ways Asians think and act, and of the motives which govern their actions. It cannot be repeated too often that the ways of the East are not our ways and that we judge Asians by our standards at our peril. In this study there is much that should help us greatly in our relations with the generally charming, usually intelligent, if sometimes aggravating people of Southeast Asia.

Unfortunately, the lay reader may find a good deal of the book rather rough going. There is considerable repetition, a tendency to use three words when one would do, and an involved, tortuous style more usually found in academic journals than in books meant for the public. This is too bad, for Professors Vandenbosch and Butwell say much that needs to be said. Although no one will agree with all the authors' judgments or recommendations for policy, they offer many stimulating ideas and a reasonable, intelligent approach to Asian affairs. Moreover, while fully recognizing the immediate importance of Vietnam in the changing face of Southeast Asia, Vandenbosch and Butwell wisely emphasize the perhaps greater importance in the long run of the other nations in the area, particularly Indonesia, the Philippines, and Thailand.

Americans will be especially interested in the chapter on the Philippines. We generally pride ourselves on what we have done for the islands, and the authors agree that there is much to praise. But they also note the changes that are occurring and the desire of the Filipinos to take their place as an Asian nation among other Asians and to be regarded by their neighbors as something more than an American satellite, their Western manners notwithstanding. As the authors say:

> The Western component of the present-day Filipino may be higher than that of the Indonesian, but his Filipino side is reasserting itself, and Filipino behavior will be increasingly difficult to comprehend for those who do not realize this.

Indonesia rightly receives considerable attention, both in the chapter devoted to it and that dealing with American policy in Southeast Asia. What will happen in this sprawling, densely populated country lying across the lines of communication between America's partners, Japan and the Philippines to the north and Australia and New Zealand to the south, is potentially of as great if not greater moment than what happens in Vietnam. There is considerable justification for the authors' pessimism about what Indonesian leadership may accomplish in the economic field. However, their skepticism about the good intentions and ability of the triumvirate of Suharto, the Sultan of Jogjakarta, and Adam Malik seems less warranted. Events in the political field since the book was published, among them the ending of the Malaysian confrontation, indicate that some of their fears may have been ill-founded.

American policy towards Indonesia, particularly in the past several years, comes in for criticism from Professors Vandenbosch and Butwell. "Try as it might through the years, the United States could not win the friendship of the Sukarno government." The authors claim that the decision to retain an American presence in Indonesia in spite of the cost to our national dignity and the humiliations heaped upon our Ambassador may well have had the reverse effect from that intended, which they assume was to lend encouragement to

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the forces of moderation and democracy. There is much to support this contention; it is doubtful if anything the American government might reasonably have been expected to do—at least since 1960 and possibly earlier—would have changed Sukarno's pro-Peking stance. One should not forget, however, that what the American government did for Sukarno in the earlier years of their association was usually what it believed was best for Indonesia rather than what Sukarno thought was urgent. Granted we were right and he was wrong; may it not be that if we had granted more of his requests he would have been more inclined to listen when we urged measures we thought important?

The chapter on Vietnam gives considerable background information that will help Americans understand better the complications and confusions which abound in that tragic country. The discussion in the book of American policy in Vietnam, what it is and what it might be, reflects some of this confusion. You can find support for being either a Hawk or a Dove, or you can come out somewhere in between, as the authors seem to do. They raise the question whether the United States couldn't coexist with a Communist South Vietnam as we do with Poland and Yugoslavia, and whether our aim ought not to be the prevention of such a state absorbing adjacent Laos and Cambodia. This idea has certain attractions but it ignores the problem, which the authors had earlier indicated was basic, of how if we agree to this we protect the thousands of South Vietnamese who have allied themselves with us against the Communists. I am afraid Professors Vandenbosch and Butwell are no nearer suggesting an acceptable solution to the Vietnam problem than many other intelligent, well-meaning, and patriotic members of the academic community.

The authors predict that Communist China will likely be the dominating factor in the Southeast Asian scene. I am more inclined to agree with our former Ambassador to Japan, Edwin O. Reischauer, who has been quoted as saying that mainland China's influence "is an influence by fear. I am certain," he said, "that Japan's positive influence will prove infinitely more important."

I do, however, wholeheartedly agree with the authors' conclusion about American policy in Southeast Asia:

> We have probably more than held our own to date in the area, and we probably will be able to continue to do so in the future. The diplomatic problems facing the United States in Southeast Asia are admittedly difficult, but they are not hopeless.

From Tea to Transistors

The People of Japan, *by Pearl S. Buck (Simon & Schuster. 255 pp. $6.95), provides a panoramic view of a country that twice sheltered the author and her family from the Red Chinese. Horace Bristol, a long-time resident of Japan, is in the process of bringing out a photographic study of the first fifteen months in the life of his Japanese-American daughter, Autumn (Akiko) Bristol, aged two.*

By HORACE BRISTOL

PEARL BUCK unreservedly adopted China for her spiritual home when her parents, missionaries with more than a decade of experience in that sprawling, disorganized country, brought her there to live as a child. Later, when she was old enough to visit Japan, she took China's cultural offspring to her heart.

In her latest book, a collection of memories of prewar Japan, historical facts, and more modern observations—the last based largely on a three-month tour in 1960 of Korea and Japan—Mrs. Buck takes a grandmotherly look at a country that is admittedly only a stepchild: loved, but at times very naughty. It was a country, however, that sheltered her and her family from China's advancing Communism on two occasions, and, since its disastrous defeat in World War II, has reformed and renounced its reprehensible past.

Reading *The People of Japan* is not unlike being in a window-seat of the world's fastest and perhaps finest express train – the "Hikari" or "Light" – and watching the passing scene at 150-plus miles per hour. The verdant, ageless farms with their quaint little thatched-roofed houses flash by, almost too fast to observe the kimono- or "mompe"-clad farm women—stooped and bent as they patiently plant each rice shoot in minuscule paddy fields—suddenly give way to a dazzling complex of immaculate white ferro-concrete factories, whose automated assembly lines turn out millions of transistors, TV sets, and sophisticated computers for both the domestic and foreign markets. Disembodied, modern-day industrial Taj Mahals, apparent-

(*Continued on page* 74)

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Fun Time

AFTER A SPATE of lengthy spectacles such as *Hawaii* that bit off considerably more than they could chew, I found myself not only pleased but grateful to comedian Woody Allen for a marvelously unpretentious little movie that sets its sights modestly, then scores bull's-eye after bull's-eye all the way. *What's Up, Tiger Lily?* is like *Playboy's* "TeeVee Jeebies"—in which satirical wisecracks are set to stills from late-night movies—but expanded to feature length.

Allen has taken a monumentally dreadful Japanese crime thriller, trimmed it judiciously, erased the original sound track, then dubbed in his own wacky lines. At one point, the slant-eyed hero wades into a fray, dispensing *karate* chops with cries of "Saracen dog! Spanish fly!" Toward the end, three detectives who have been beaten to bloody pulps by the film's innumerable villains stand about complaining to each other of the inadequate bandages supplied by their producer. After the plot has grown so complicated as to be totally incomprehensible, the film cuts to someone in the studio asking Allen if it might not be a good idea to stop for a moment and explain things to the audience. Allen furrows his brow, then says, "No." Flat cut back to the story.

Now, none of this is precisely what used to be called boffo humor. No custard pies fill the air, and the climax contains no lunatic chase in break-away cars. Instead, Allen's sense of fun is at once low-keyed, far-out, and hip. He neatly turns his Japanese source, made in patent imitation of the James Bond films, back upon itself to become a travesty of *all* James Bond films. The frantic search for "the plans," for example, translates into a search for an egg salad recipe—for, as one character Allenesquely puts it, "He who makes the best egg salad can control the world!" It is a *reductio ad absurdum* that delights as it deflates, and all the more so because what is being reduced is so obviously absurd in the first place. Allen's humor is without malice and without effort; and if some of his puns are terrible, there is an added fillip of fun in the realization that he is every bit as aware of it as we are.

* * *

LIKE THAT WELL-KNOWN car rental firm, *Texas Across the River* tries harder; but in humor there seems to be a law of diminishing returns. The more effort expended—or at least, the more *obvious* effort—the less it all pays off. Dean Martin, the star of this burlesque Western, is well known for his relaxed attitude toward work of any kind, and his underplaying of the good badman becomes one of the pleasantest things about the picture. Too much of the rest, though, consists of rather self-conscious winks at the audience, figurative pokes in the ribs to draw attention to the film's cleverness, and incessant double takes as members of the cast also realize that something funny has happened (or was supposed to have happened).

Not that the film lacks amusing moments. Set in the old West before Texas came to statehood, it recounts the adventures of a quixotic Spanish grandee (Alain Delon) who pits the civilized code of honor of the European courts against the rough and ready rules for survival on the frontier. With the 6th Cavalry riding in vengeful pursuit, unfriendly Comanches lurking in the underbrush, and two over-friendly girls (Rosemary Forsyth and Tina Marquand) pressing him from either side, the odds are hardly stacked in his favor. It is a sound basis for comedy, and a trio of writers—Wells Root, Harold Greene, and Ben Starr—have contributed a number of clever and fresh-looking sequences, such as a passage with intricate dialogue in which the principals always seem to be one line behind in the fast-moving conversation, and a climactic shoot-out that ends its "long walk" with Martin and Delon literally touching noses. Unfortunately for the total effect, Michael Gordon directed with a trowel instead of a scalpel.

* * *

MEANWHILE, in a science-fiction parody entitled *Way . . . Way Out*, Martin's former partner and side-kick, Jerry Lewis, continues to display his unshakeable belief that whatever he does just has to be funny. Not one to be fettered by a script, however slight, Lewis loves to improvise, as in a protracted drunken brawl between an American astronaut (Lewis), a Russian (Dick Shawn), and their lady friends (Connie Stevens and Anita Ekberg, respectively) which takes place on the moon. Lewis loves to improvise, but he hates to cut. As a result, the sequence—like so much else in the film—seems to run interminably. Brevity is still the soul of wit, and someday Jerry Lewis may learn that nothing succeeds like restraint. —ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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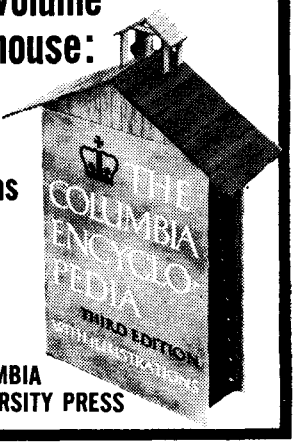

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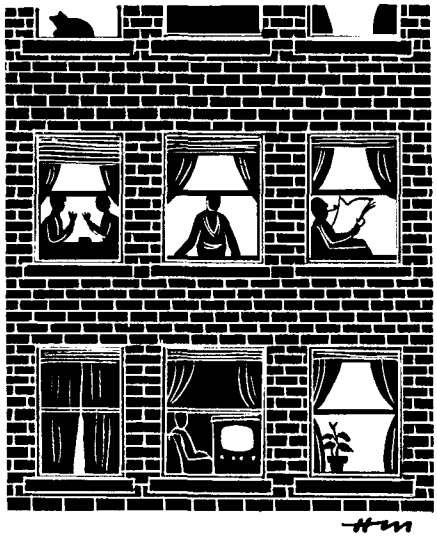
A Code for Crime Coverage



PETER STRAUS, president of WMCA, New York, operates a successful group of radio stations with an incongruous mix of disc jockeys, rock 'n' roll, and an image of enterprising public affairs broadcasting. His stations were among the first to editorialize and to endorse candidates, he initiated the suit which led to the U.S. Supreme Court's decision on Congressional reapportionment, and recently he announced "a new code for crime reporting," which his news departments had tested for a year before its adoption.

The code requires his reporters, when editing crime news from the wire services, to omit confessions and prior criminal records of suspects except under certain conditions. Exceptions may occur when, in the judgment of a news editor, broadcasting a confession or information about a criminal record would serve an "overriding public need." Actually, this phrasing represents a newsman's understandable reluctance to freeze his freedom of choice in a competitive context. The texts of some of the news stories as edited under the code, and the comments of the news director, suggest a serious effort to find a real solution to the very difficult problem of free press *vs.* fair trial—the conflict of the First and Sixth Amendments to the Constitution.

The Straus Broadcasting Group's crime reporting code, as useful as it is in drawing the attention of other broadcasters to the problem, misses an opportunity to let the radio listeners weigh arguments about the new guidelines. WMCA has not told its listeners that it has a code, and has not asked for comments on the choices it makes. Mr. Straus has said that some listeners have called some of the stations, asking why they failed to carry an item which the listeners have heard on a competing station or seen in the press. This suggests a potential interest that could be exploited, both to help the station's "image" and to further public enlightenment. Ultimately, the news consumer is the key to the conflict inherent in crime news reporting. He may represent the public's "natural, primitive, popular revulsion against horrible crime" (Mr. Justice Frankfurter's phrase), and/or the howling mob outside the courtroom, seeking morbid satisfaction. Is it not a mistake, therefore, to overlook an opportunity to educate him?

The press serves this ambivalent news consumer with its own mixed motives—the drive to make a profit and to meet the public's undoubted need for surveillance of its environment. The prosecutors, the police, even the defense attorneys have their own symbiotic impulses—reconciling and rationalizing, very humanly, their own reputations and the opposing demands of the state and the individual. Press, bar, and law enforcement officials may point accusatory fingers at one another, may resist encroachment on their prerogatives, and at the same time inch forward slowly to some workable compromises in the exercise of restraint. But no great progress will be made until the public shares a deeper understanding of the issues and the agonies of decision. This is why codes such as WMCA's should be brought from behind the scenes for public discussion.

A NEWS story that was test-processed in the station's newsroom will serve to illustrate. The United Press International told of the arrest in Long Island of a man accused of kidnaping and raping an eleven-year-old girl. Police disclosed that the accused man had served a sentence in state training schools, had stolen cars, and was on parole at the time of his arrest. WMCA killed the account of his criminal record, in accordance with its policy; all other New York stations carried it. In the newsroom, WMCA reporters debated the issue of conscience *vs.* competitive advantage plus the public's right to be told that once again its prison and reform institutions had failed. The information was omitted reluctantly. But there was some balm in the thought that a listener who might one day be a juror on the case would not be contaminated.

Now suppose that WMCA had decided, under its "overriding public need" clause, to report the suspect's criminal record, and suppose it had told its listeners why it had decided to report it, and had asked for comments from the audience? An extra dimension would have been added to the story which other stations could not offer. A continuous sharing of such dilemmas with the listeners could not help but make them more sensitive to the problem. It might even tend, in Mr. Justice Frankfurter's words, to ". . . vindicate the sober second thoughts of a community." The courtroom can never be kept entirely independent of the influence of the outside world, but, as Mr. Frankfurter says, the "moral health of the community [can be] strengthened by according even the most miserable and pathetic criminal those rights which the Constitution has designed for all."

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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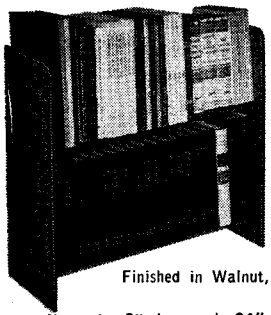

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THE THEATER

Fruitless Multiplication

THE TROUBLE with being offered three short musicalized fables instead of a single longer one is that we must begin all over again with each. Furthermore, unless there is some significant interrelation between them, each is reduced to the status of a long revue sketch. Thus *The Apple Tree,* which offers three such separate musicalettos, faces a most difficult challenge, and although it manages to be fresh, interesting, and charming in two of its three attempts, it seems a very slight evening.

The first sketch is a simple and lovely parody of the Adam and Eve story taken from Mark Twain's humorous story on the subject. In it, Alan Alda portrays Adam amusingly as an easygoing, not too bright young man outmaneuvered into a marriage and a fatherhood he doesn't appreciate until he becomes a widower. Conversely, Barbara Harris gives us a self-centered Eve impelled to homemaking and motherhood. Furthermore, she always seems to know intuitively such things as that the animal Adam calls "a four-pronged white-squirter" is really a cow, and Adam's annoyance at always being corrected makes for very modern fun. Modern, too, is Miss Harris's patented, stuffed-up-nose delivery, at its best in the scene where Eve moves into Adam's log lean-to and immediately asks, "Adam, what made you pick brown?" Then there is her low, sexy growl, funniest when she asks, "How'd you like the baked apple?"

While most of the dialogue is comic, it is balanced by the lyrical songs of Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick. Of these, Eve's "What Makes Me Love Him," beautifully sung by Miss Harris, is the most striking. Under Mike Nichols's sensitive direction, the sketch ends on a sad and touching note recalling the quality achieved by *Ballet Ballads.*

Indeed, if this were the beginning of an integrated evening it would do very well. Unfortunately, it is not, and the second sketch, based upon Frank R. Stockton's *The Lady or the Tiger,* is an extravagant waste of effort for all concerned. In barbaric costumes which are neither very amusing nor very becoming to the wearers, the cast retells the story of a princess's lover who is faced with choosing between two doors. Behind one is a man-eating tiger; behind the other, a beautiful girl. The princess, torn between love and jealousy, gives her lover a hint, and we are left with two unsolved puzzles: Did she give him the hint that would save his life for her rival to enjoy? And did he take her advice? The sketch does give Miss Harris a chance to sing a mock torch song, "I've Got What You Want," and director Nichols, at one point, has ingeniously stopped the action and run it backward, effectively simulating the runback of a film, but the sketch is a hard-working bore.

The third musicaletto is cartoonist Jules Feiffer's *Passionella,* a spoof of Hollywood artificiality and the Cinderella story. It begins nicely with Miss Harris as a sort of Shirley Temple chimney sweep, singing her forlorn and childish dream about becoming a "moo-oo-oovie star." Then she is turned into a Marilyn Monroe figure and her career story is told with the aid of some remarkable pop-art film sequences specially prepared by Richard Williams. But finding her success insufficient, she feels she must gain the love and respect of a rock 'n' roll hot-rodder named Flip, who equates being real with being sloppy and dirty. By playing a film role as her old chimney-sweeper self, she succeeds both in winning an Academy Award and her hip boy friend. Here, Miss Harris offers us a hilarious lampoon of clichéd, disingenuous response to being announced as a winner. Then the fable ends with the surprise that both Passionella and Flip are really ordinary human beings under their magical fairy-tale identities.

It is a modestly effective sketch, audaciously and skillfully presented, but it doesn't engage our emotions or intellect the way it might had it been either much shorter or much longer. And this is the frustrating thing about *The Apple Tree.* One admires Mr. Nichols's direction, Tony Walton's scenery and costumes, and the attempt to try something different from the old musical comedy formula. Yet its creators haven't really made their new formula work. They are caught half way between the musical comedy and the revue, and even Miss Harris's unique and endearing performance only here and there makes us forget that *The Apple Tree* is shallow-rooted.

THE BEST PLAY so far this season, with the best performance, is the City Center revival of Tennessee Williams's *The Rose Tattoo.* Maureen Stapleton, who created the role of Serafina in 1951, is now giving a funnier, more desperate, and deeper portrayal with warm support from Harry Guardino and a fine cast under Milton Katselas's exciting direction.

—HENRY HEWES.

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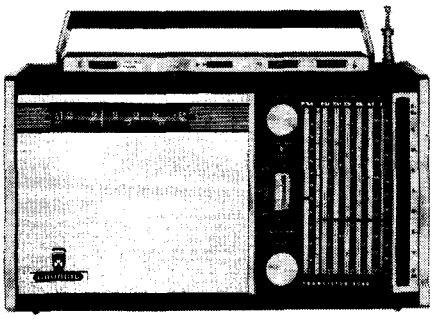

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Autumn on the Campus

THAT SATURDAY bloomed bright and clear and full of fall. Down on South University Avenue in Ann Arbor, Tice's Men's Shop awarded a certain festivity to the morning. On the sidewalk in front of its store window where a shirt sale was advertised, it had planted a giant barrel of hard cider and heaped a pile of cups. "Is pretty good," said the town Greek, quaffing the autumn brew, "special free."

In the Michigan Union, a combination hotel, restaurant, snack bar, and place of public assembly run by the University of Michigan, the lobby was filled with controlled pandemonium. It was two hours to game time and the front desk was a frenzy of customers. Old grads; new undergrads; young coeds from other campuses in careful coifs crossed the halls, carrying their white plastic suitcases. So did little boys, their sweaters stuck with buttons that said, Go BLUE!, and visiting bandsmen in ochre suits, their brass buttons glinting even in the subdued light.

On the steps outside students waited for parents, dates waited to be squired, and only the stray curious visitor paused long enough to read the plaque hanging at the Union's front entrance. HERE AT 2 A.M. ON OCTOBER 14, 1960, it said, JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY FIRST DEFINED THE PEACE CORPS. HE STOOD AT THE PLACE MARKED BY THE MEDALLION AND WAS CHEERED BY A LARGE AND ENTHUSIASTIC STUDENT AUDIENCE FOR THE HOPE AND PROMISE HIS IDEA GAVE THE WORLD.

Through the traffic came my friend Erich Walter, newly retired from his post as assistant to the university president. Mr. Walter graduated from Michigan the year I was born and has more bounce to the ounce and is more sound per pound than I shall ever be. Old professors do not fade away at Ann Arbor, they get stadium parking passes, free programs, and football tickets for seats high above the midstripe under the protective covering of the press box hanging overhead.

We set off at a brisk clip at the speed of West Point cadets double-timing to classes. Michigan Stadium is a perfect oval of blue seats with a rectangle of turf as emerald as Ireland awaiting the gladiators. We had barely taken ten steps across the field when the smell of grass, bearing with it the memory of all the football Saturdays I had known, welled up out of the sod. The complicated impedimenta were already in place—the Readisplints for broken bones, the oxygen tanks for the winded. Mr. Walter bounded past them and charged up the rows of blue seats, part grad, part prof., part goat. He was halfway to the outer rim when he stopped and smiled. "I've got to rest," he said. I nodded, mainly because I had no wind to speak. I turned my head back to the field and looked longingly at the oxygen tank on the bench below.

SOON the Michigan team came charging out of the tunnel and the players arranged themselves in rows for calisthenics. The cheerleaders bounced off trampolines, each doing a jacknife in mid-air. "Band take the field!" came the command from the loudspeaker, and the 180-piece assemblage marched onto the grass, led by a drum major with an incredible half-horizontal strut, the nearest thing to walking while prostrate I had ever seen. The long row of tubas—they come in white now, not brass—swayed back and forth, keeping time, and flag bearers marched, too, carrying the colors of all the Big Ten colleges.

It's a cosmic life at college nowadays. Many of the musicians in Michigan's marching band are also in the concert band, a group that traveled to the Soviet Union under the aegis of the State Department. The percussion group made its own cultural-exchange swing through Latin America—not without incident. After landing in the Dominican Republic on the eve of the revolution, one of the players had his horn shot full of holes.

By now the great saucer had filled, and the notes of "Old Man River" were welling up from the sod. The north end zone was bathed in the afternoon sunlight, the clouds were parked in a windless sky, and from high in the stadium you could see forever and then some. Then the game began.

By great good fortune I had found myself in Ann Arbor not merely on a football Saturday, but on Band Day, a festival of music that has been staged for eighteen years. On Band Day many of Michigan's high school bands are invited to come to Ann Arbor to see the game and perform at halftime. In 1949 when the occasion began, thirty-two bands participated. This year there were 188, representing high schools from Adrian to Ypsilanti, including tooters from such high schools as Mount Clemens, Chippewa Valley, and Saginaw Township-Douglas MacArthur. When *its* cheerleaders call for a spell-it-out locomotive, you could be there all afternoon.

Three minutes before the first half ended, the bandsmen began to move from their seats above the end zone and ooze onto the flanks of the field. At the gun, the north end of the stadium looked like the day all the cans leaked at the Sherwin-Williams plant. The bandsmen came in a great lava flow of color, inching onto the field in their brilliant costumes until all the green was gone, covered by 13,000 musicians. High on a scaffolding, Dr. William Revelli, Michigan's director of bands, waved his baton, and all the tooters and the bell-ringers, the cymbal clangers and the drum beaters, took off in pursuit of the "Hymn of All Nations" from *Finlandia*, by Sibelius.

The 188 bands then turned into the "Marching Overture" from *The Sound of Music*, reality was banished with a sweet note, and the air *was* filled with the sound of music. Revelli brought them to a thundering finish, the surge of color poured back into the stands, and as the human covering was peeled back, the green of the sod showed through once more. There was a roll of drums, and a great throaty roar from the crowd. The Michigan team poured onto the field and the game began anew.

The wellspring of Michigan's melody

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is its beautiful music school on the new North Campus. The best of the buildings, it was designed by Saarinen right down to the choice of bricks. The exhibits in its halls attest to the ancient heritage of the horn even in these precincts. There, behind glass, hangs the soprano sax horn owned by the leader of the Ann Arbor Porter Zouave Band. Under glass are vintage song sheets, one bearing the legend:

Inscribed to
Sorrowing Hearts at Home
Weeping Sad and Lonely
or
"When This Cruel War is Over"
As sung by Woods Minstrels,
Broadway, N.Y.

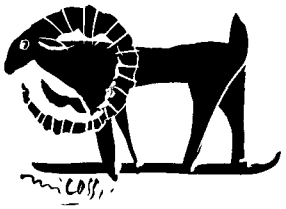
Today, a hundred years later, the musical style has changed. Says a notice on the bulletin board: DRUMMER WANTED FOR ESTABLISHED MUSICALLY SOPHISTICATED ELECTRIC BAND.

Saarinen gave Michigan such a handsome music school that the USIA used it when it sent cameramen to record an interview with old Michigan grads James A. McDivitt and Edward White II. Astronaut White, the first U.S. space walker, and his command pilot James McDivitt, who finished first in a class of 609 students, are both alumni of the graduate school. After their celebrated flight they returned to the campus to sit under the trees by the side of Saarinen's beautifully landscaped pond. In this idyllic setting of American higher learning they were filmed and interviewed for dissemination all over the world.

THE North Campus was a huge and visionary real estate purchase that released the university from the binds of the old tract which was first set aside in a forty-acre parcel back in 1837. Those forty acres were expanded, but not until the university was able to leap the railroad tracks and the Huron River was it able to get into step with the technological times. The School of Music is about the only outpost of the arts on the North Campus; the rest is all science—a cyclotron, automotive and aeronautical engineering laboratories, research laboratories, and other cerebral centers.

Not all the buildings felt the sensitive artistry of the likes of Saarinen. The Institute of Science and Technology, a tan monolith with narrow windows, each with a flap of concrete screening its top and bottom sills, is known locally as Fort Apache. With its narrow, pinched-in windows, it looks more like the Edsel in concrete. Inside, it holds such activities as the Great Lakes Research Division, an inland oceanographic institute which also maintains four ships on the Great Lakes and hopes to get its own submarine.

The Phoenix Memorial Laboratory, a pioneer on the North Campus, was put



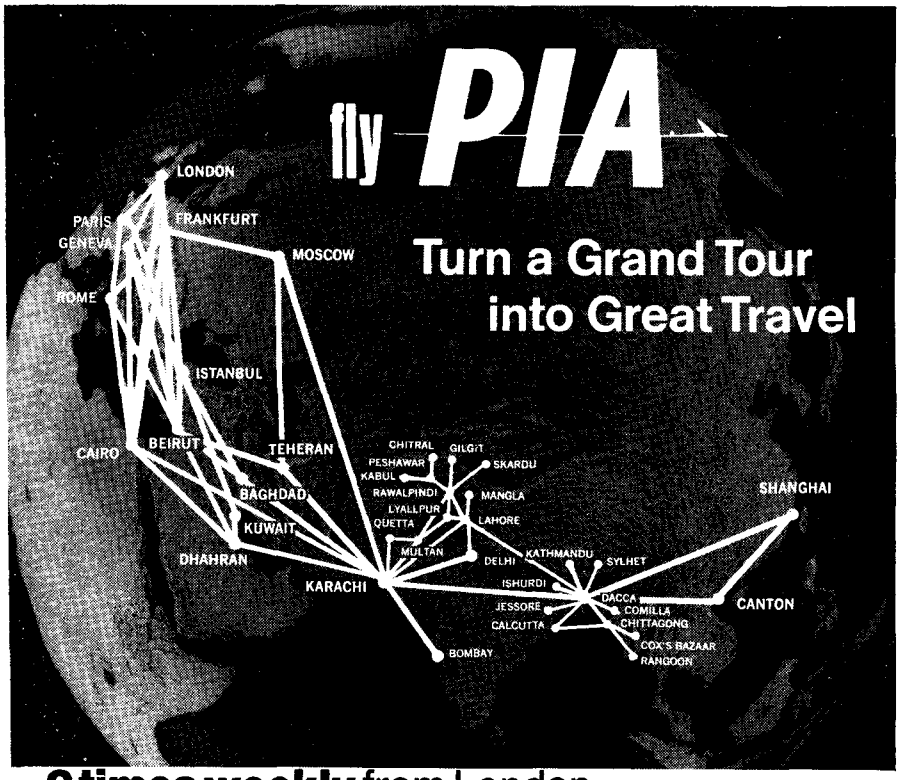
together in the mid-Fifties of cinder block and asphalt tile. It may lack architectural class, but it is a respected edifice, housing, as it does, the university's own nuclear reactor. The core of the reactor sits at the bottom of a pool of water, giving off a bright blue light. Or, as it was explained to me—or as I *think* it was explained to me—the particles in the water move faster than the speed of light, causing a phenomenon of radiant emission which we see as a blue light. Unquote. All this is known as Cerenkov radiation, after a Russian who predicted that particles moving faster than the speed of light would be radiant. It is merely a felicitous stroke of circumstance that the particles give off a blue light and that the railing around the pool is painted yellow. Blue and yellow, as anyone who has seen a flower bed in Ann Arbor can attest, are Michigan's colors.

McDivitt and White, when they were here in June of last year, cut the ribbon of the New Space Research Lab, a collection of gray and white buildings that cover six wind tunnels which can reproduce conditions up to twenty times the speed of sound. Not far away, a research professor is deep in the science of holography, producing three-dimensional films on glass plates, all with the help of laser light. His are among the first steps in what may ultimately become three-dimensional television.

The presence of so much brain power working on so many research techniques has attracted a collection of commercial scientific companies to the fringes of the North Campus. There, on broad green fields are the new plants of Bendix, deep in space technology, and Climax Molybdenum of Michigan, which occupies a low, gray, ominous-looking building for research on broad-gauge metals. A big, low structure houses the machinery to produce radar and microwave apparatus. Conductron, which has sales of $50,000,000, started in 1960 with a nucleus from the University of Michigan's electrical engineering department.

Football on a fall Saturday is one thing, and at Michigan it is a splendid pageant. But on a scientifically oriented campus no student ever need worry about a job in the world outside. No professor, either. —HORACE SUTTON.

(This is the first of two articles on the University of Michigan.)



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Position Paper

Continued from page 23

tested lines. While a campaign of this kind might be sufficient for victory, it would give strength to the charge that the character of the Democratic party has been changed—that it has become careful and passive and unresponsive to change. But it would certainly not set the course for the Democrats in power between 1966 and 1968, nor prepare the way fo. success in the elections of 1968.

Political problems, and consequently political approaches to the solutions of the problems, have become more complicated and more serious than they have been in the past. Candidates for office this fall have to talk about civil rights, but they cannot continue to talk about civil rights in terms of the clearly defined, clearly understood right to vote and the right to trial by jury. New concepts of old civil rights must be discussed, and new rights having civil character must be listed and defined. As needs take on new character and are identified as rights, we must attempt to establish procedures and processes by which these rights can be realized and secured.

LET me cite two examples of recently recognized civil rights. One is the right to work—the right to an opportunity to secure not simply employment but employment that is suitable to a human being. In 1946, the Full Employment Act was passed, declaring as a policy for this country that every man who was willing and able to work should be given the opportunity to do so. This was not just a right defined in the abstract and unrelated to reality, but a right which was to be made a reality through job opportunities.

A second civil right, which was not recognized 180 years ago, is the right of a man to education. Senator Goldwater, as a candidate, used to say regularly that the Constitution of the United States says nothing about education. It does not, but it says a lot about human dignity and human happiness and certain inalienable rights. And this effort to secure education for all Americans—not just for the most talented, not just for the average man, but reaching down to deal with the mentally retarded and with the handicapped—reflects the range of our civic responsibility to assure that the particular human need of every man to know, to understand, and to comprehend is fulfiled.

AN attempt must be made to define and reconcile the jurisdictions of states and the federal government and of other units of government, to fix responsibility, and to provide plans for constructive, cooperative achievement. Candidates and parties will be measured against the standard laid down by George Santayana, who wrote that only to the extent that a society achieves a measure of happiness for its average citizen does it deserve to be remembered any more than the sands of the sea.

Even this standard is not wholly adequate today. Because of the knowledge and the power which our civilization possesses, it must be prepared to be judged not just by what it achieves for the average citizen, but rather for everyone from the least gifted to those who are most gifted and most talented. A political party, although limited in its power, must be prepared to present its case and to be judged by these same standards and within this same context.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Metropolitan "Margarethe"—Small-s Strauss

AS WELL as putting its best foot forward in its new home, the Metropolitan has, unavoidably, displayed its Achilles heel. This is a metaphor suitably mixed to describe its inability to sustain, at something like original effect, the quality of a recently new production. Gounod's masterpiece, which was tautly, admirably controlled when it was newly produced only last season, might well have been billed *Margarethe* (as the Germans know it) when *Faust* made its first appearance in the uptown repertory, so much has it shrunk in size and substance.

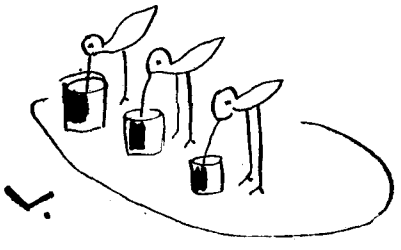
Of the present principals, only Mirella Freni as a Marguerite new to the theater was close to the musical-dramatic mark. It may have been merely through coincidence that she had benefited from being directed by Jean-Louis Barrault in the production he was engaged to stage at La Scala after his Metropolitan success. No such relationship prevailed with Gianni Raimondi as Faust and Giorgio Tozzi as Méphistophélès. Aside from Marcia Baldwin as Siébel and the crowd action, very little remained of Barrault's carefully organized dramatic scheme or the musical ensemble evolved by Georges Prêtre. This meant more than the absence of something originally admirable. What was provided in its place was not merely different, but less good. There was, to be sure, credit to a stage director, Bodo Igesz; but it would be risky to put the burden of blame on him. It belongs, rather, to a system that tolerates "good enough" when better becomes too difficult.

Freni's first Marguerite did not match the quality of her excellent introductory Mimi last season, but it is conceivable that it can with work and further performances. She has all the voice a Marguerite needs, which is to say not only the agility to deal fluently with the modest complications of the "Jewel Song," but also the breadth at the top to make a climax of the Garden Scene and to define the tragedies that befall the character. What she needs to develop is a style of action to suit her lack of physical size, to dress the part more appealingly, and otherwise fill out the characterization, which was only a sketch this time. Vocally, too, she has only begun to color the music as a singer of her skill should be able to do. Raimondi, who made his debut with Freni last year, was clearly disadvantaged by the French text, his sound less secure than it had been, more open and pushed. His is scarcely a romantic figure of a Faust, which could be forgiven him (as it has been countless others) if he sang the music better.

Tozzi's case is clearly different, for he has earned high credit as a singer of French with his Comte des Grieux in *Manon* and Arkel in *Pelléas*. However, he misconceives Méphistophélès in *Faust* as a "star" part, overplaying it throughout in a broad and "sinister" fashion. This ignores altogether that, fallen or not, the Devil is still a world citizen of rather distinguished background, a Prince of Darkness rather than a commoner. To judge from his vulgar exhibition of "triumph" when Marguerite succumbed to Faust (demoniacal laugh, a leap in the air, and a double foot stamp on the stage floor) this Méphistophélès was, rather than a tempter with centuries of experience, as much a novice in soul-snatching as his interpreter was in the simulation of it. Vocally, Tozzi did a good deal that was admirable, most of it in his fluent upper range. He is weak in the deep, low tones that have characterized some past performers of high repute, but there are ways around this if the total portrait is cleverly composed. Perhaps Tozzi's long spell recently of singing operetta rather than opera has shifted the well-centered emphases that made him an admirable operatic artist and dulled his sensitivities to the difference between underlining and overdoing. It certainly has not been to his benefit vocally.

THE common fact about the musical Strausses—Johann, Richard, and Oskar-the-one-s—is that they were not related to one another. The uncommon fact about Eduard Strauss, who made his Carnegie Hall debut conducting a program largely by the Waltz King, is that he *is* related to the great Johann, if by somewhat less than the family fraction of ¾. He is the son of Johann III, who was in turn the son of Eduard I, who was Johann's youngest brother.

What was most in evidence of the relationship as he stood before an imported ensemble of about forty that bears the name of the Vienna Johann Strauss Orchestra (to distinguish it, no doubt, from any other old Johann Strauss Orchestra that might be around) was his back. It has the conformations familiar from files of drawings and silhouettes of his distinguished kin, topped by the kind of *schwarzkopf* that was musically celebrated before Elisabeth (who is, incidentally, blonde). He conducts, unfortunately, not with a violin bow and an instrument at the ready to swing into a refrain, but with an ordinary baton.



If the results did not prompt dancing in the aisles (to *G'schichten aus dem Wienerwald* or *Künstlerleben*) the cause was not wholly audience restraint. For all its functionally "right" emphasis, the sound was neither intoxicating nor transporting. The Vienna Philharmonic, when it performed a matinee of Viennese music under the direction of Herbert von Karajan from the same stage a few years ago, did its Strauss with much more insinuation, higher spirits, and far more finesse. Strauss's string players could coordinate with neatness and verve in a righteously plucked "Pizzicato Polka" (the conductor put aside the baton for this), but the blend with the percussion and brass was too often weighted down, lacking in balance.

It was a pleasure to hear an excerpt from what was described as *Die Tänzerin Fanny Elssler* (which must be a re-do of something else, for no such title is listed among the sixteen operettas by Johann Strauss), though it would have been more of a pleasure had the singer possessed more of a voice than Dagmar Koller. She filled her low-cut dress better than she did the vocal requirements of what was programed as "Draussen in Sievering." Likewise unimpressive was tenor Walter Kraeutler, who ventured an excerpt from *Zigeunerbaron* and joined Miss Koller in a pair of duets. The real surprise was to find this quality of attraction under the house flag of an impresario whose billing, for this occasion, should have been s. Hurok, for it was small-s strauss.

Chopin and Jan Smeterlin have for so long been synonymous that one went to Philharmonic Hall for the reappearance of the Polish pianist with the expectation that it all would be as it once was. The identity of expectation and experience was sustained in his authoritative way with the F-minor Fantasy, his artfully outlined mazurkas, the dramatic projection with which he launched the B-flat-minor sonata. However, he has paid for this wisdom-through-age in the usual coin: less technical security than he once commanded, a kind of involuntary flinching when complications pile up and steady control are indispensable. Withal, he has a great deal to offer, in style, sentiment, and contact with a durable tradition.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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BOOKS

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FORTY YEARS WITH BERENSON, Nicky Mariano. Knopf, $6.95 (*SR,* Oct. 29)—With bright, vigorous strokes the great esthete's personal secretary candidly recreates the splendid world of I Tatti.

LYNDON B. JOHNSON: THE EXERCISE OF POWER, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak. New American Library, $7.95 (*SR,* Oct. 22)—Two experts on the Washington scene scrutinize the career of a man who can be as solicitous as a nurse, yet as ruthless as a riverboat gambler.

RUDYARD KIPLING, J. I. M. Stewart. Dodd, Mead, $5 (*SR,* Oct. 22)—Blending biography with literary criticism, the author rediscovers a prolific genius whose vision of life was intuitive and inconsistent.

BRIEF CHRONICLES, Brooks Atkinson. Coward-McCann, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 8)—A second and final collection of the warmly personal essays written for *The New York Times* when the author was its critic-at-large.

LUDENDORFF: GENIUS OF WORLD WAR I, D. J. Goodspeed. Houghton Mifflin, $6 (*SR,* Oct. 22)—An absorbing analysis of a pivotal German military figure, whose mind functioned with the precision and dispassion of a machine.

THE DYNAMICS OF MODERNIZATION: A STUDY IN COMPARATIVE HISTORY, C. E. Black. Harper & Row, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 15)—Surveys the process of transformation in mankind's most challenging age.

THE MYTHS OF AUTOMATION, Charles E. Silberman. Harper & Row, $4.95 (*SR,* Oct. 29)—By demonstrating that technological advance is an important contributor to economic health, the *Fortune* writer refutes the theory that automation is a significant cause of unemployment.

TOWARDS PEACE IN INDOCHINA, Anthony Eden. Houghton Mifflin, $3 (*SR,* Oct. 8)—An informed statesman examines the causes of the shortcomings of the 1954 Geneva Conference, and proposes a twelve-point solution to the strife in Southeast Asia.

Fiction

A DREAM OF KINGS, Harry Mark Petrakis. McKay, $4.50 (*SR,* Oct. 1)—In a novel resonant with life and laughter, Matsoukas, the intrepid, struggles toward his great dream: to take a tragically afflicted son back to the purifying warmth of his beloved Greece.

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THE DECLINE OF THE WEST, David Caute. Macmillan, $7.95 (*SR,* Oct. 8)—There's trouble in Coppernica; Americans, Frenchmen, and homelanders shed blood to control a rich Central African nation in the throes of self-birth.

THE TIME OF THE ANGELS, Iris Murdoch. Viking, $5 (*SR,* Oct. 29)—The fogbound ruins of a London rectory, and the consequences of a demented priest's belief in a dead God, comprise a suspenseful tale.

THE MASK OF APOLLO, Mary Renault. Pantheon, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 1)—A masterful evocation of the turbulent world of Plato, Dionysios, and the classic Greek theater, as seen by the actor Nikeratos and his alter ego, an ancient mask from the Golden Age.

PLAYBOY BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY. Playboy Press / Trident, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 15)—Ranging from the zany to the horrific, these thirty-two stories are the best SF published in *Playboy* over the past decade.

THE HEAT OF THE SUN, Sean O'Faolain. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.95 (*SR,* Oct. 15)—Victims rather than villains prevail in this master storyteller's latest collection, reminding us that the Irish are at their best in misfortune.

A MAN OF HIS TIME, Phyllis Bentley. Macmillan, $4.95 (*SR,* Oct. 15)—In this story of two families prominent in the author's earlier novels, the man is the head of a Yorkshire textile mill; his time, the postwar era of change.

ATTENDANCE LIST FOR A FUNERAL, Alexander Kluge. McGraw-Hill, $4.95 (*SR,* Oct. 8)—Written in a chilling, documentary style, these eleven stories conjure the demoniac horrors of Hitler's Germany.

PURSUIT, Berry Morgan. Houghton Mifflin, $4.95 (*SR,* Oct. 22)—The chase is on when prodigal father returns to find illegitimate heir more concerned with Holy Scripture and the fugue than the old plantation.

MOVIES

THE BIBLE . . . IN THE BEGINNING (*SR,* Oct. 1)—Retains both the poetry and imagery, plus the incisiveness of narrative of the best seller of all time.

LOVES OF A BLONDE (*SR,* Oct. 22)—Gently and discreetly leads us into the intimate details of the life of a Czech factory worker and her unrequited love for a jazz pianist.

SECONDS (*SR,* Oct. 29)—A really good shocker made by John Frankenheimer.

THEATER

A DELICATE BALANCE (*SR,* Oct. 8)—Edward Albee inspects some myths of marriage and friendship with wit, elegance, and compassion.

ART

Exhibitions

MANET, Philadelphia Museum of Art. The most comprehensive exhibition of this brilliant nineteenth-century French painter ever to be seen in America; the show numbers more than 200 works. Opens November 3.

AGE OF REMBRANDT, California Palace of the Legion of Honor, San Francisco. An important seventeenth-century Dutch survey lent by museums and collectors in the Netherlands, other parts of Europe, and America. Almost all the great names and many lesser ones are well represented. The show travels later to Toledo and Boston. Closes November 13.

DAVID SMITH, Fogg Art Museum, Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts. A retrospective view of America's late, great modern sculptor. Closes November 15.

THE NEW JAPANESE PAINTING AND SCULPTURE, Museum of Modern Art, New York. Representing the work of forty-six avant-garde Japanese artists, most of them young, the exhibition includes paintings, sculpture, and assemblages.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Publications

MANY ARE CALLED, photographs by Walker Evans, with a foreword by James Agee (Houghton Mifflin. $10; paperback $4.95)—Subways are for peeping, when the observer-at-large is as perceptive as Walker Evans.

THE USES OF AIR PHOTOGRAPHY, edited by J. K. S. St. Joseph (John Day. $15)—The airborne camera sights new perspectives for today's town planner, archaeologist, historian, and geographer.

THIS AMERICA, by Lyndon B. Johnson, with photographs by Ken Heyman (Ridge Press and Random House. $10; paperback, $1.95)—Focusing on the Great Society as outlined in the President's words, Ken Heyman's interpretive lens meets the challenge of its assignment to produce a graphic profile of the Administration program.

TO BE ALIVE, photographs from the award-winning film by Francis Thompson and Alexander Hammid, with new text by Alastair Reid (Macmillan. $4.95)—In translation from film to folio this love letter to life travels on "clipped" wings. But it still carries the happy tune of its human theme-and-variations.

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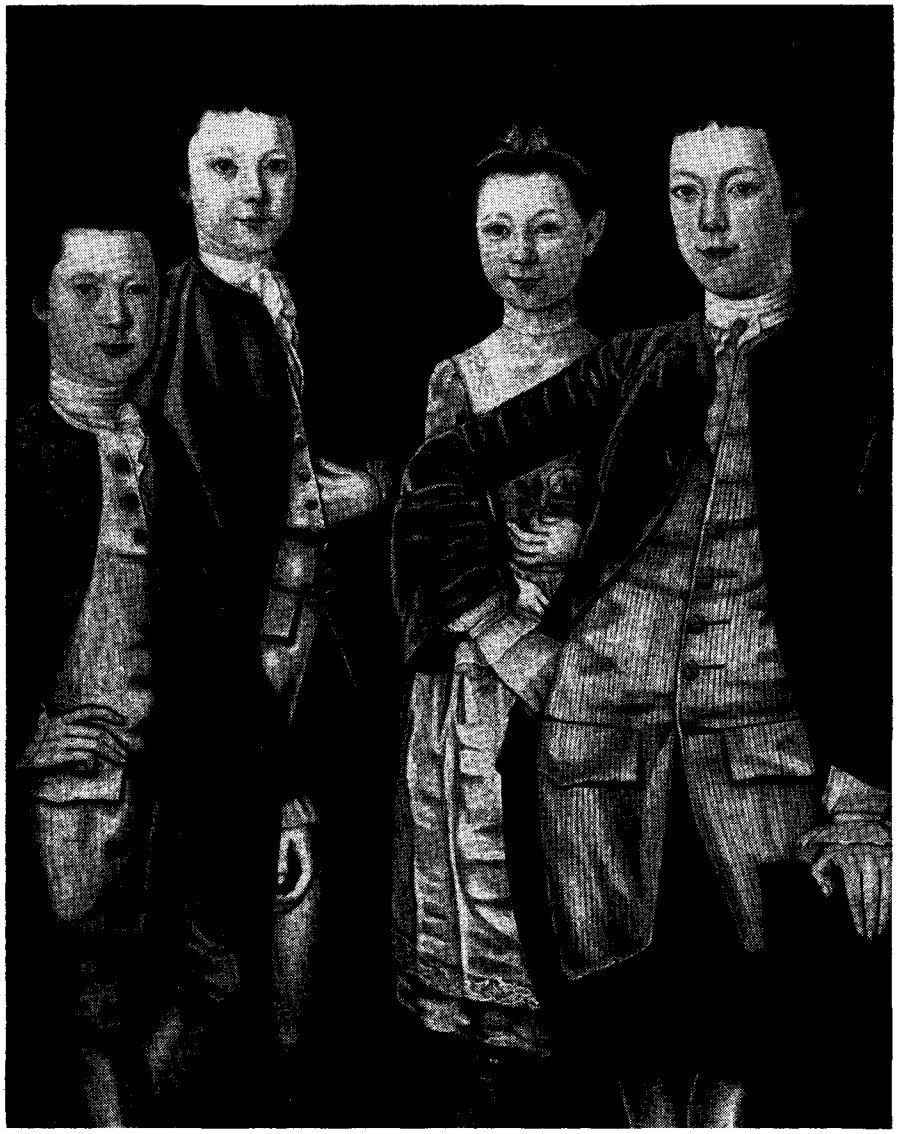
A SPLENDID NEW WHITNEY



—*Lent by the New-York Historical Society.*

"The Rapalje Children," by John Durand.

BY THIS TIME most Americans know that New York's Whitney Museum of American Art has a new home, a splendid one well adapted to the institution's needs. The building, designed by Marcel Breuer, seems to have grown organically as a background for art. Less successful though still impressive when seen from the street, the structure becomes progressively more rewarding as one examines its interior from lobby to upper exhibition areas. No other museum in the country—for that matter, anywhere—can boast a nobler sweep of space than the new Whitney's extraordinary 17½-foot-high fourth floor.

Flexible temporary walls, excellent indirect lighting, and comfortable split bluestone floors make exhibition galleries a pleasure to visit. In addition, the open concrete grid ceilings provide a proper scale for works of art while giving a sense of freedom from restrictive overhead boundaries. It is indeed a welcome relief never to feel caged in. The museum is functional, sober, handsome, and strictly non-chichi. Even the controversial windows, which seem dubious exterior afterthoughts, become meaningful interior outlets. For, slanted as they are, they neither compete with nor reflect light on works of art, yet offer an escape from "museumitis." These occasional asymmetrical views of the outside world are an unexpected bonus. But wisely there is not too much glass, a material which has become something of a fetish in recent art museum architecture.

Throughout, Mr. Breuer avoids any aggressive personal onslaught. In discussing the new Whitney, he posed "the first and most important problem. What should a museum—a museum in Manhattan—look like? Surely it should work, it should fulfil its requirements." In short, the architect designed a museum, not a monument to himself. Here one finds in place of the usual slick clichés a consistent integrity.

And integrity is likewise the keynote to the accompanying loan show assembled by Lloyd Goodrich, director of the Whitney, for the opening of the new building. The finest collection of American painting and sculpture yet installed under one roof, the exhibition is called "Art of the United States: 1670-1966," and has appropriately been borrowed from all parts of the country. Some rare loans, never shown publicly before, and others regarded as historically invaluable give proof of the affectionate trust that the Whitney and its director have generated in America.

Except for the fourth floor, which is a hodgepodge of recent art movements, the exhibition is a triumph. But the fourth floor is a disaster, not because all the paintings and sculpture there are less than masterpieces (many are top modern examples), but because huge blatant works too often overpower thoughtful smaller ones. Here one misses the sustained high quality and assiduous selectivity evident elsewhere in the show. But even more serious is the disrespect shown, the actual damage done to the architecture. Since the Whitney is an inverted pyramid, the fourth floor builds up to the museum's largest, most spacious exhibition area which, when not cluttered by a tangle of temporary walls and undigested objects, becomes the structure's logical climax. One can only trust that in the future this open expanse will be used more creatively.

AS for the rest of the show, it sings. In most cases Mr. Goodrich has chosen a key work that not alone defines an artist's career but often pinpoints an entire period. Then, too, he repeatedly introduces us to unorthodox off-beat aspects of familiar painters. Famous names hang next to little-known ones; historic American masterpieces are flanked by provocative, often fascinating, minor canvases. Together the assemblage unfolds the chronological development of art in America, a progression that during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was

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—*Lent by Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.*

(Above) "Mrs. Ezekiel Goldthwait," by John Copley.

—*Lent by Philadelphia Museum of Art.*

(Right) "The Concert Singer," by Thomas Eakins.

marked by restraint and surpassing honesty.

Starting with John Durand's forthright group portrait *The Rapalje Children*, painted about 1768, and ending with Edward Hopper's *Second-Story Sunlight* of 1960, the show has a solid uncompromising integrity that is often moving, if sometimes provincial. After all, until recently, American artists were rarely innovators. As a rule, they took their cues from Europe, but at best produced an unadorned sturdy style of their own.

In the Whitney show, though influences from abroad are manifold, earlier American art maintains an indigenous brand of cautious sobriety. Even popular genre paintings at their most frivolous rarely exceeded the bounds of discreet moderation. But sculpture, prior to the present century, was often mawkish, artificial, and pretentiously pseudo-classical. Curiously inferior to paintings of the same period, these romantic white marble figures are now so dated that any day we may expect the usual indulgent re-evaluation. It would seem that earlier American art seldom reflected the revolutionary daring which forged a new country. Instead, art became a stabilizing influence, a reassuring tie with the past. Only during the last two decades have American artists become internationally oriented not as modest followers, but as enterprising leaders.

IN any large national survey, certain painters shine. John Copley towers over his colonial contemporaries. His famous likeness of Mrs. Ezekiel Goldthwait has the same direct realism as Durand's group portrait, but far more sophistication, though painted only a year or two later. Copley's accomplished, crisp composition sets the pace for the best of American portraiture, a field which lent itself with peculiar sympathy to the probing objectivity of art in the New World. More than 130 years later Thomas Eakins continued the tradition. His appraisal of *The Concert Singer* depends again on a crisp, hard technique resulting from sharp contrasts of light. If American painters were rarely experimental or seductive colorists, they were often tough manipulators of light. Less interested in bathing their canvases in nineteenth-century European luminosity, they tended to model form with cold tonal fluctuations. It was the facts of life they were after, not the illusions. For example, note how three unassuming details give added meaning to Eakins's painting—a hand holding a baton, a few flowers on the floor, and several spikes of a potted plant. Together these evoke the ambience of an entire epoch. But it is the singer, the awkward, innocent singer, we are not likely to forget.

In the same realistic vein, though less psychologically directed, is William Sidney Mount's sole masterpiece, *Eel Spearing at Setauket*. The artist painted innumerable folksy canvases, but never again approximated this serene, carefully organized, faintly romantic composition that became a tribute to nineteenth-century American dignity. Subject, figures, and landscape are all frankly American. The curious mixture of realism and romanticism interpenetrating so much of our early art grew from the land itself. Challenging, day-by-day hardships forced the new settlers to develop a practical materialism, but a materialism tempered by visionary dreams of nature's unspoiled wonders. With one hand the country offered unremitting toil; with the other, freedom, adventure, exploration. American art mirrored this dichotomy. —KATHARINE KUH.

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—*Lent by the New York State Historical Association, Cooperstown, N.Y.*

"Eel Spearing at Setauket," by William Sidney Mount.

—*Collection, Whitney Museum of American Art.*

"Second-Story Sunlight," by Edward Hopper.

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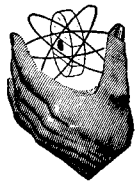
SR / Research

SCIENCE & HUMANITY



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THE VOLCANO THAT SHAPED THE WESTERN WORLD

ATHENS, GREECE.

SO FAR AS the known records on the subject show, the idea of democracy sprang from the brain of Solon, a Greek poet born 638 years before the Christian era. Whether for the sweetness of his love lyrics or for his courage in using his verse to fight political suppression, Solon at the age of forty-five enjoyed such sweeping popularity that he was given the title of Archon, with dictatorial power over the lives of the Athenian people. But the reforms he started in defense of the poor and the debt-ridden drove him not only out of office but out of the country. His exile lasted for ten years, taking him, among other places, to Egypt.

Historians agree on the truth of that much.

About 200 years after Solon's Egyptian visit, the Greek philosopher Plato, in two of his dialogues, quoted Solon as telling a fantastic story and attributing it to Egyptian priests. The story was about an island named Atlantis, seat of a sea empire, which dropped beneath the water and disappeared in a single day and night.

Did the island of Atlantis ever exist in reality?

Plato confused the issue by setting the story indirectly. Here, from the third volume of the famous Jowett English translation of the dialogues, is a fragment of the *Timaeus*:

> CRITIAS: Then listen, Socrates, to a strange tale which is, however, certainly true, as Solon, who was the wisest of the seven sages, declared. He was a relative and a great friend of my great-grandfather, Dropidas, as he himself says repeatedly in his poems; and Dropidas told Critias, my grandfather, who remembered and told us: —That there were of old great and marvelous actions of the Athenians, which have passed into oblivion through time and the destruction of the inhabitants, and one in particular, greater than all the rest, which we now call to mind. . . .
>
> SOCRATES: Very good. And what is this ancient famous action. . . ?
>
> CRITIAS: [According to my grandfather Critias's account of what Solon told Dropidas, Solon went to the city of Sais in Egypt, and] . . . was received there with great honor; and he asked the priests who were most skillful in such matters about antiquity, and . . . one of the priests who was of a very great age said: O Solon, Solon, you Hellenes are but children, and there is never an old man who is a Hellene. Solon in return asked him what he meant. I mean to say, he replied, that in mind you are all young; there is no old opinion handed down among you by ancient tradition. . . .
>
> Many great and wonderful deeds are recorded of your state in our histories. But one of them exceeds all the rest in greatness and valor. For these histories tell of a mighty power which was aggressing wantonly against the whole of Europe and Asia, and to which your city put an end. This power came forth out of the Atlantic Ocean, for in those days the Atlantic was navigable; and there was an island situated in front of the straits which you call the pillars of Heracles; the island was larger than Libya and Asia put together, and was the way to other islands, and from the islands you might pass to the whole of the opposite continent which surrounded the true ocean; for this sea which is within the Straits of Heracles is only a harbor, having a narrow entrance, but that other is a real sea, and the surrounding land may be most truly called a continent.
>
> Now in this island of Atlantis there was a great and wonderful empire which had rule over the whole island and several others, as well as over parts of the continent, and, besides these, they subjected the parts of Libya within the columns of Heracles as far as Egypt, and of Europe as far as Tyrrhenia. The vast power which was thus gathered into one endeavored to subdue at a blow our country and yours and the whole of the land which is within the straits; and then, Solon, your country shone forth, in the excellence of her virtue and strength, among all mankind; for she was first in courage and military skill, and was the leader of the Hellenes. And when the rest fell off from her, being compelled to stand alone, after having undergone the very extremity of danger, she defeated and triumphed over the invaders, and preserved from slavery those who were not yet subjected, and freely liberated all the others who dwelt within the limits of Heracles. But afterwards there occurred violent earthquakes and floods; and in a single day and night of misfortune all your warlike men in a body sank into the earth, and the island of Atlantis in like manner disappeared, and was sunk beneath the sea.

The story of Atlantis continues in Plato's dialogue *Critias* as follows:

> CRITIAS: Let me begin by observing first of all that 9,000 was the sum of years which had elapsed since the war . . . I am going to describe. Of the combatants on the one side, the city of

Report from Europe

SR's science editor has spent the last five weeks in Europe and the Middle East. This issue of the SCIENCE AND HUMANITY SUPPLEMENT will be occupied wholly with two reports from him —one from Athens, beginning on this page; the other an interview with the new editor of *Nature* in London, beginning on page 67.

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Athens was reported to have been the ruler and leader throughout the war; the combatants on the other side were led by the kings of the island of Atlantis, which . . . was . . . afterwards sunk by an earthquake. . . .

The island of Atlantis [was the lot of Poseidon when] . . . in the days of old, the gods had the whole earth distributed among them by allotment. . . . And Poseidon [there] begat children by a mortal woman, and settled them in a part of the island, which I will proceed to describe.

On the side towards the sea and in the center of the whole island, there was a plain which is said to have been the fairest of all plains and very fertile. Near the plain again, and also in the center of the island at a distance of about fifty stadia, there was a mountain not very high on any side. In this mountain there dwelt one of the earth-born primeval men of that country, whose name was Evenor, and he had a wife named Leucippe, and they had an only daughter who was called Cleito.

The maiden was growing up to womanhood when her father and mother died; Poseidon fell in love with her and had intercourse with her, and breaking the ground, inclosed the hill in which she dwelt all round, making alternate zones of sea and land larger and smaller, encircling one another: there were two of land and three of water, which he turned as with a lathe, out of the center of the island, equidistant every way, so that no man could get to the island, for ships and voyages were not as yet heard of. He himself, as he was a god, found no difficulty in making special arrangements for the center island, bringing two streams of water under the earth, which he caused to ascend as springs, one of warm water and the other of cold, and making every variety of food to spring up abundantly in the earth.

He also begat and brought up five pairs of twin male children; and dividing the island of Atlantis into ten portions, he gave to the first-born of the eldest pair his mother's dwelling and the surrounding allotment, which was the largest and best, and made him king over the rest; the others he made princes, and gave them rule over many men, and a large territory. And he named them all; the eldest, who was the king, he named Atlas, and from him the whole island and the ocean received the name of Atlantic. . . .

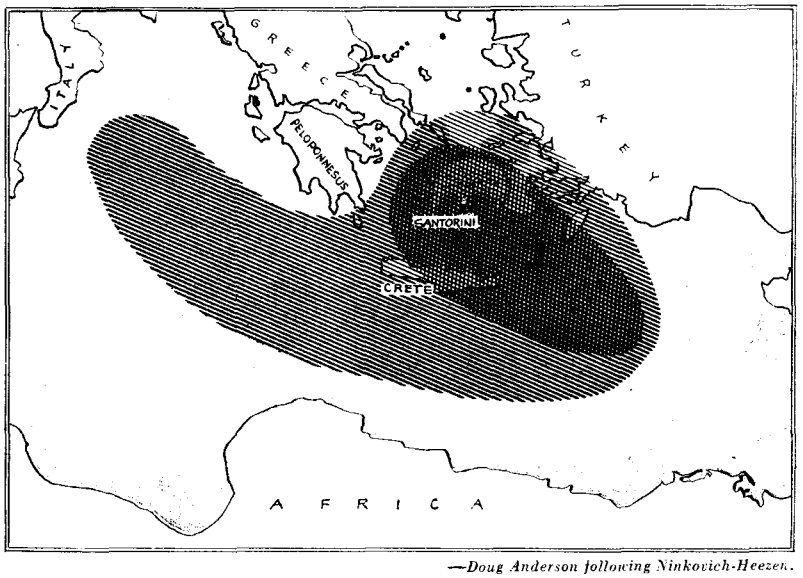
Now Atlas had a numerous and honorable family, and his eldest branch always retained the kingdom, which the eldest son handed on to his eldest for many generations; and they had such an amount of wealth as was never before possessed by kings and potentates . . . and they arranged the whole country in the following manner:—

First of all they bridged over the zones of sea which surrounded the ancient metropolis, and made a road into and out of the royal palace. At the same time they built the palace in the habitation of the god and of their ancestors, which they continued to ornament in successive generations, every king surpassing the one who came before him to the utmost of his power, until they made the building a marvel to behold for size and for beauty. And beginning from the sea they bored a canal of 300 feet in width and 100 feet in depth, and fifty stadia in length, which they carried through to the outermost zone, making a passage from the sea up to this, which became a harbor, and leaving an opening sufficient to enable the largest vessels to find ingress. Moreover, they divided the zones of land which parted the zones of sea, leaving room for a single trireme to pass out of one zone into another, and constructing bridges; the bridges were covered, and there was a way underneath for the ships; for the banks were raised considerably above the water.

Now the largest of the zones into which a passage was cut from the sea was three stadia in breadth, and the zone of land which came next of equal breadth; but the next two zones, the one of water, the other of land, were two stadia, and the one which surrounded the central island was a stadium only in width. The island in which the palace was situated had a diameter of five stadia. . . .

The palaces in the interior of the citadel were constructed on this wise:—In the center was a holy temple dedicated to Cleito and Poseidon, which remained inaccessible, and was surrounded by an enclosure of gold; this was the spot where the family of the ten princes first saw the light, and thither the people annually brought the fruits of the earth in their season from all the ten portions, and performed sacrifices to each of the ten. Here, too, was Poseidon's own temple which was a stadium in length, and half a stadium in width, and of a proportionate height, having a strange Asiatic look. . . .

Leaving the palace and crossing the three harbors outside, you came to a wall which began at the sea and went all round: this was everywhere distant fifty stadia from the largest zone or harbor, and enclosed the whole, the ends meeting at the mouth of the channel towards the sea. The entire area was densely crowded with habitations; and the canal and the largest of the harbors were full of vessels and merchants coming from all parts, who, from their numbers, kept up a multitudinous sound of human voices, and din of all sorts night and day.



—Doug Anderson following Ninkovich-Heezen

Synopsis of the story of two explosions of the Santorini volcano. First eruption occurred about 25,000 years ago, strewed ashes over the boomerang-shaped area shaded with slanted parallel lines in sketch above. Second eruption took place about 1400 B.C. Its ash deposits covered cross-hatched oval in the sketch. Note how second ash layer blanketed most of Crete, occupied at that time by beauty- and peace-loving Minoan people.

NOW a curious paradox is noticeable in the text just cited. Whereas the speaker in Plato's dialogue insists that the sunken island lay in the Atlantic Ocean, two of the main characters associated with Atlantis in the dialogue—the god Poseidon (Neptune) and the mythical hero Heracles (Hercules)—were celebrated only in the Aegean Sea, bordered on the north by the Greek mainland and on the south by the island of Crete.

Is there in the Aegean an island that long ago dropped into the sea?

I came to Greece late in September 1966 to talk to a scientist, Professor Angelos Galanopoulos, who not only thinks there was such an island but identifies it as a known volcano, the remnants of which can be found on most maps under either of two names: Thera or Santorini.

I had heard about Professor Galanopoulos, director of the seismic laboratory of the University of Athens, from Dr. Bruce C. Heezen, of the Lamont Geo-

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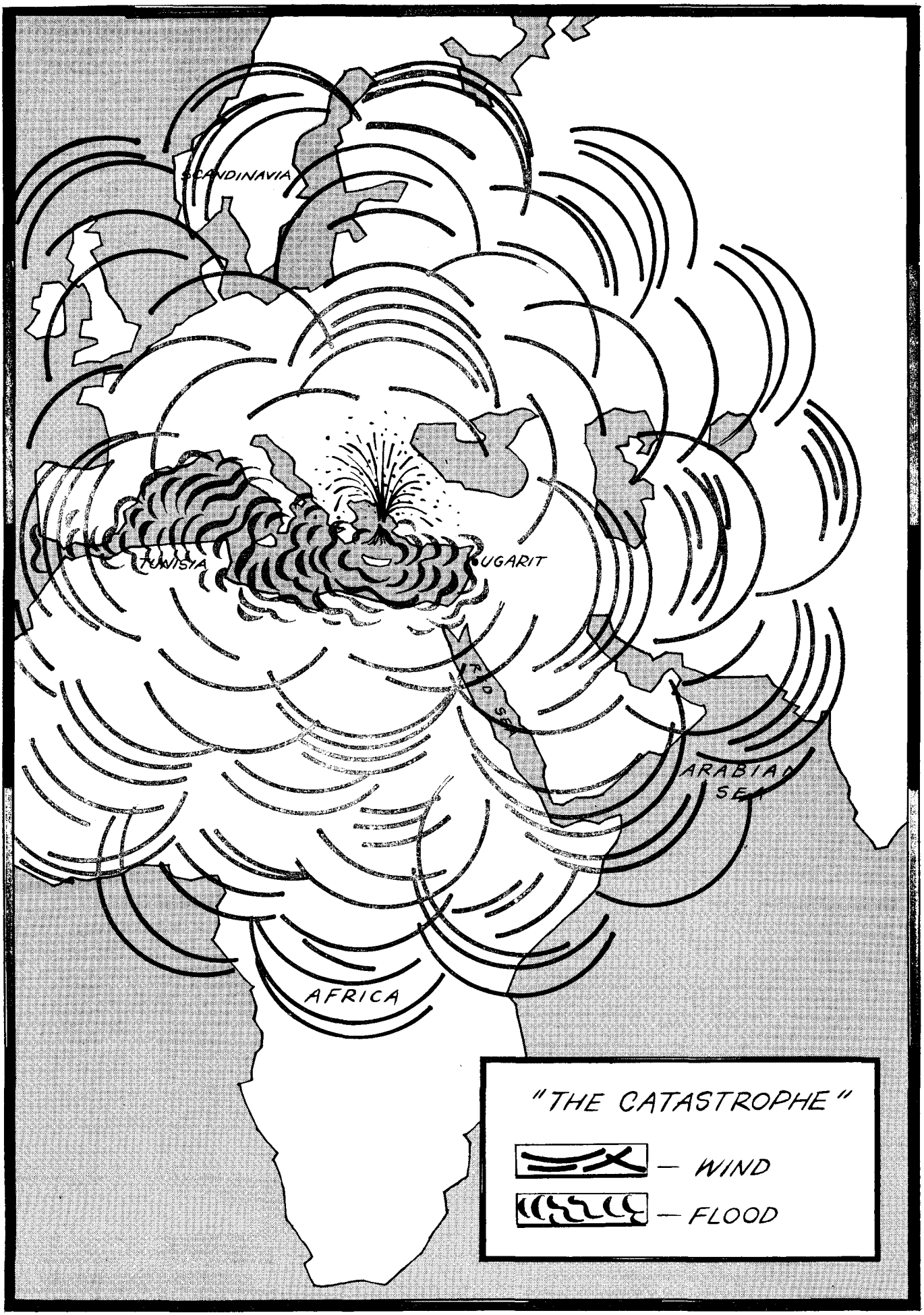

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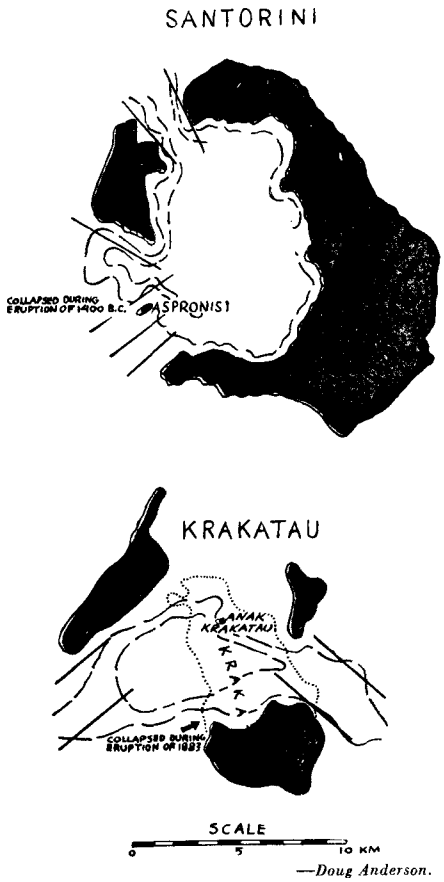

—*Doug Anderson.*

In guessing extent of damage wrought by Santorini volcano eruption of 1400 B.C., scientists compare size of caldera left in sea when volcano cone collapsed (top sketch) with that part of Krakatau island which disappeared under water after Krakatau (Krakatoa) explosion of 1883 (dotted line, bottom sketch).

logical Observatory atop the Hudson River's Palisades. Apart from being impressed by Dr. Heezen's discovery that an endless chain of mountains bisects the floors of all the oceans of earth (see *SR*, July 3, 1965), I had profited repeatedly from the simplicity of his explanations of geophysical phenomena. Perhaps, therefore, I took more seriously than most of its readers a paper he wrote in company with Dragoslav Ninkovich for the seventeenth symposium of the Colston Research Society at the University of Bristol in April 1965. The title of that revealing document was "Santorini Tephra."

Tephra is the ash layer deposited by volcanic eruption. The Lamont oceanographic research vessel, *Vema,* had sampled the bottom of the Mediterranean Sea over a large area—as the Swedes had done earlier—and had found two layers of tephra imbedded in the sediments of the past. Both layers were thickest in the neighborhood of Santorini and both thinned out as the distance from that island grew, although the two layers had been deposited thousands of years apart. (See map, page 58.) Obviously the volcano had exploded violently twice. By measuring isotopes of chemical elements in the tephra, Lamont geologists dated both layers and determined that the earlier of the two volcanic eruptions occurred about 25,000 years ago and the latter about 1400 B.C.

The volcanic nature of Santorini had been known long before the *Vema* made its corings of the sea bottom. Eruptions had been recorded at intervals since 197 B.C. But there had been nothing in historic times to approximate the dimensions of either of the explosions confirmed by the *Vema*. Judging from the spread of the volcanic ash trapped in the sea floor, the older eruption may have been the worse one. But even the less destructive one—that of 1400 B.C.—must have wreaked enormous damage. For it blew the top off an originally round island called Stronghyli (which means "round") and left standing above the water on its periphery the three present-day islands—Thera, Therasia, and Aspronisi—surrounding a 1,200-foot-deep caldera. Stronghyli, for all practical purposes, disappeared in that single blast. Where it had stood, only a deep well of water remained. Not for more than a thousand years did the old volcano push the present islands of Kameni above the surface of the sea in the midst of this well.

The volume of lava, dust, gas, and vapors ejected in the formation of the Santorini cauldron has been estimated to be four times that of the 1883 spew from Krakatau, better known as Krakatoa (see sketches at left), the mid-Pacific volcano that holds the roughness record for modern eruptions.

Although the maximum thickness of ash deposited by Krakatau was only thirty centimeters (less than a foot), the dust and vapors kept nearby Java and Sumatra in darkness for two days, hundred-foot-high tidal waves destroyed 295 towns and drowned 36,000 people, and the air roared so loudly that windows broke ninety miles away; old houses were shaken to a distance of 480 miles, and lamps were quenched, setting fires. Sunsets everywhere on earth were colored for several years by fine dust in the sky.

IF the effects of the Santorini explosion of 1400 B.C. had been merely equal to those of Krakatau, tidal waves would have inundated the northern shore of Crete within half an hour and the southern and eastern coasts of the Mediterranean from Tunisia to Syria within two hours; the sound of the blast could have been heard as far as Gibraltar, Scandinavia, the Arabian Sea, and central Africa. (See map, page 59.) Excavation of the ruins of the ancient city of Ugarit in Syria confirm that the tidal waves reached at least that far. The extent of other disasters subsidiary to the great catastrophe in the Aegean can only be guessed at, for—in contrast to less than a foot of ash deposited by Krakatau—Santorini buried Thera island under more than 100 feet of ash.

A Greek archaeologist, Dr. Spyridon Marinatos, made the first major guess in 1939. He proposed then that it was the Santorini eruption that ended the glorious Minoan civilization on Crete.

The 1965 paper by Ninkovich and Heezen accepted the Marinatos thesis (as scientists of many disciplines generally have done) and buttressed it. "Only after the destruction caused by the eruption of Santorini were the [Cretan] palaces [of the Minoans] abandoned," the authors said. "After 1400 B.C., many small villages were founded on hills throughout Crete. They are thought to have originated in the creation of baronies after the fall of Knossos [the Minoan capital, to which other self-sufficient palace-cities were linked by a network of roads] or as a refuge of Cretans from invasion of the Achaens [a less sophisticated people from the Greek mainland]. The wild country to the west of Mount Ida in central Crete was then inhabited for the first time, while the fertile valleys of central and eastern Crete were deserted. The archaeological data indicate the routes taken by the Minoan population about 1400 B.C. in moving from the central part of Crete to the extreme western coast of the island."

Since Iceland has been volcanically active for hundreds of years, Ninkovich and Heezen turned to Iceland for clues. They found that where volcanoes had covered surrounding fields with ten centimeters or more of ash, "the settlements were deserted for a certain period during which winds and water removed the ash. After the Öraefajökull eruption in 1362, the area around the volcano was deserted for about one decade. The area of the upper reaches of Thjörsärdalur, however, was never inhabited again after the eruption of Hekla in 1104.

"The Minoan eruption of Santorini produced an important quantity of ash. . . . All Aegean islands around Santorini, including the central and eastern parts of Crete, were covered with a tephra layer over ten centimeters thick. The desertion of fertile valleys in Crete after the Minoan eruption of Santorini may consequently be explained by the presence of a thick layer of tephra which made agriculture impossible. The dispersal by winds and water and the decomposition of the deposited tephra in an arid area such as the Aegean islands were slow and probably lasted several decades or perhaps even a century. The ash was first removed from the hills, while it accumulated in the plains.

"The Minoan eruption of Santorini must have been catastrophic for the Cretans. The initial cloud, composed of vol-

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1. You must be nuts about apples. You've had one every day this week.

Actually, I prefer pears.

2. So what's with apples?

Well...uh...you know what they say about keeping the doctor away.

3. You can't believe that old one.

Listen, with all the mouths I have to feed, I can't afford to get anything more serious than a splinter.

4. Then why don't you look into a Disability Income Policy from Equitable. It gives you money to live on if you get sick or hurt and can't work. Up to $750 a month, for years, depending on the plan for which you qualify.

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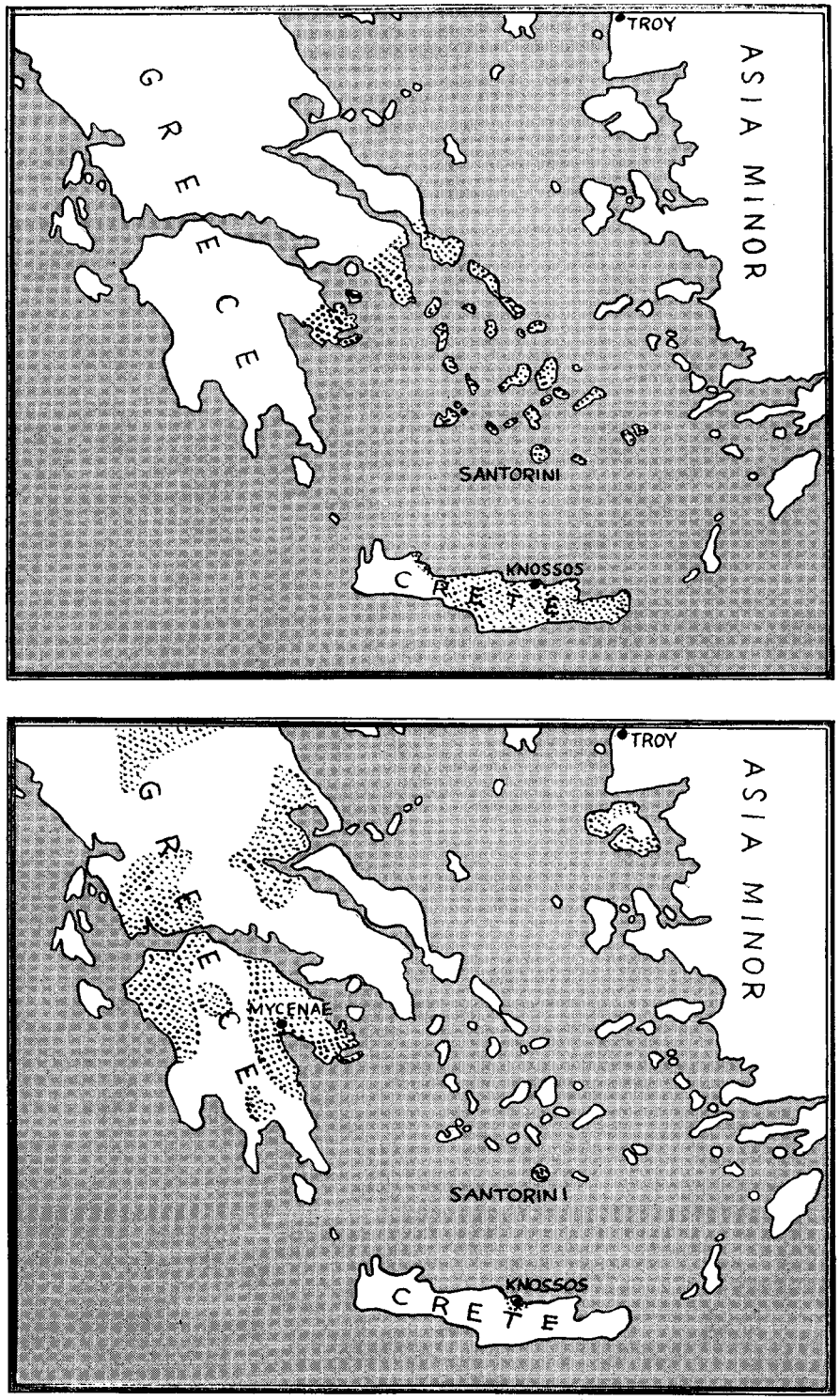
canic ash, dust, gas, and vapors, covered the whole area of the southern Aegean Sea, possibly causing total darkness for several consecutive days during which the tsunami [tidal wave] destroyed the coastal areas, quenched lamps and may have caused the burning of the cities, while the gas and vapors poisoned the population causing sickness such as conjunctivitis, angina, bronchitis, and digestive disturbances.

"The Minoan eruption of Santorini, like the eruption of Öraefajökull in 1362, took place in the summertime, devastating the crops with tephra-fall. It forced the surviving population to desert immediately the fertile valleys of central and eastern Crete and to move to the wild country of western Crete, which was less affected by the tephra-fall. The desertion of Crete by most of the population occurred probably the same year, soon after the eruption. . . .

"No important thickness of tephra was deposited on the mainland of Greece and Asia Minor. Thus the choice of mainland Greece rather than Asia Minor as a refuge for the Cretans was affected by the pattern of the distribution of the tephra on Crete and the proximity of the western part of the island to the Peloponnesus.

"The settlements on the mainland of Greece were founded probably about 3000 B.C., and this civilization, called Helladic, is divided, like the Minoan civilization from Crete and parallel to it, into Early, Middle, and Late periods. The Early, Middle, and the beginning of the Late Helladic civilization (3000-1400 B.C.) were on a much lower level than the Minoan from Crete. The important progress of the Helladic culture began only in 1400 B.C. Thus the Tomb of Genii, the Treasury of Atreus or Tomb of Agamemnon, and the Tomb of Clytemnestra, the supreme examples of Mycenaean architecture, were built between 1400 and 1300 B.C.

"The frescoes found on Crete from the period before 1400 B.C. appeared on the mainland at about this date. The still undeciphered Linear A scripts were in use in Crete from 1600 B.C. to the destruction of the civilization in 1400 B.C. A similar alphabet in the Greek language, Linear B scripts, appeared on the mainland about 1400 B.C. Thus, contrary to the opinion of historians that the destruction and decline of Minoan civilization was caused by an invasion of the Achaeans from the mainland, we might infer, on the basis of the geological and archaeological data, that the important move forward [on the mainland] of the Late Helladic III civilization, usually called Mycenaean, after the eruption of Santorini in 1400 B.C., was influenced by the presence of Cretan refugees who introduced the traditions of Minoan art and alphabet to the mainland of Greece."



—Doug Anderson following Ninkovich-Heezen.

Before and after the Santorini volcano eruption of 1400 B.C. Colored dots in upper sketch show limits of Minoan civilization from stone age to time of volcano blast. Colored dots in lower sketch show limits of Myceanean civilization from 1400 B.C. Santorini eruption to fall of Troy (1180 B.C.).

However the still debated details may come to be sorted out in the end, there cannot now be any doubt at all that the Santorini volcano, through its effects on the sensitive and gifted Minoans, was a major force in bringing about the Golden Age of Greece and hence shaping the whole of Western culture. Because of the role monotheism has played in forming Western ideas, the Santorini explosion of 1400 B.C. served as a shaping tool in yet another way. And this brings me back to the reason why I climbed the hill opposite the Acropolis here in Athens to visit Professor Galanopoulos in his seismic laboratory.

As a seismologist, Professor Galanopoulos is concerned with movements of

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the planet's crust and of the waters flowing over and through the crust. Severe earthquakes always cause tidal waves, or tsunamis, and tsunamis cause floods.

THE greatest flood in the history of Greece is associated in the literature with a supposedly mythical character named Deucalion, father of Hellen, ancestor of the Hellenic race. As the ancients told it, Zeus, the chief god in charge of Mediterranean affairs at the time, got disgusted with human behavior and decided to drown everybody. Deucalion somehow divined Zeus's intent and built a boat. When the flood came, Deucalion simply went aboard the boat with his wife and drifted about for nine days until the water subsided.

Professor Galanopoulos, being thoroughly Greek, knew mythology as well as Plato's dialogues. He remembered that Deucalion was the son of Prometheus, a brother of Atlas. Atlas, according to Plato, was the first king of the lost island Atlantis. If the nephew of Atlas survived a great flood, it seemed logical to Professor Galanopoulos to wonder whether the flood might have been in any way related to the sudden sinking of Atlantis.

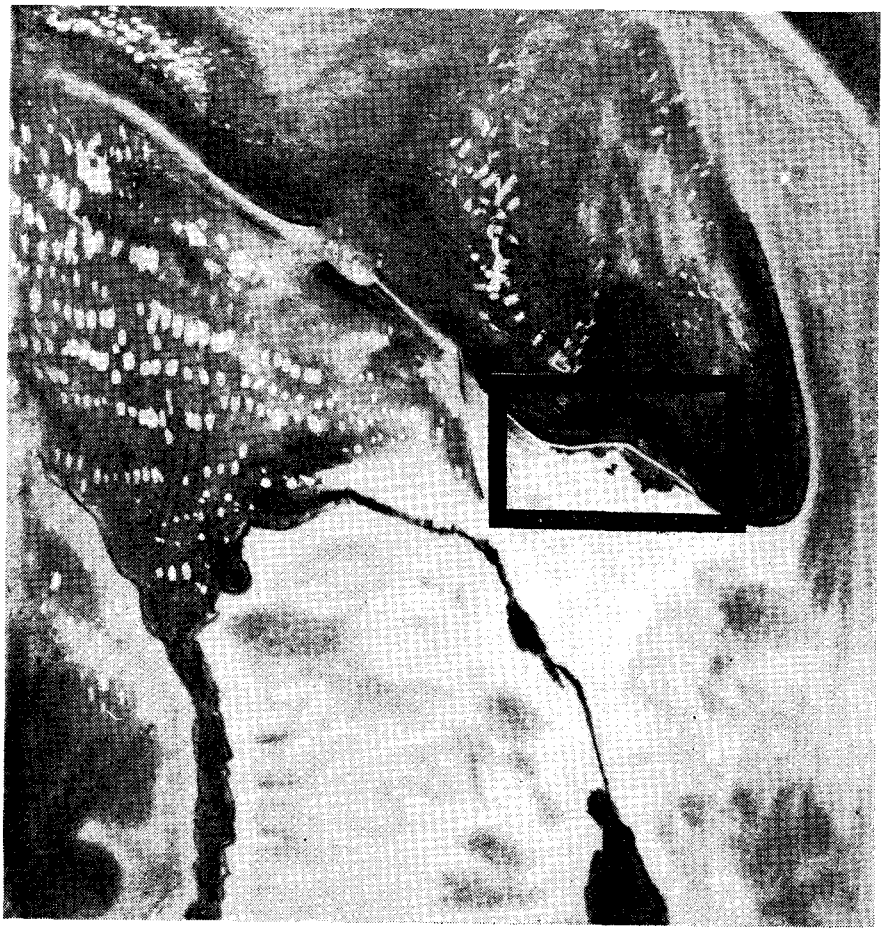
Professor Galanopoulos also remembered a small detail that most people overlook in Plato's story of Atlantis: the fate of a particular fountain on the Athenian Acropolis. Plato said the fountain stopped flowing after an earthquake that occurred when Atlantis disappeared in the sea.

Professor Galanopoulos knew that scientific studies had been made of the effects of earthquakes on the flow of water underground. These studies showed that the worst earthquake ever recorded anywhere on earth—the Lisbon quake of November 1, 1755—had altered subterranean water courses only within a radius of 120 miles. To Professor Galanopoulos that meant that whatever event shook the Acropolis fountain out of operation must have occurred within the Aegean Sea.

Suppose the island of Atlantis was really Santorini? What then?

The stopping of the Acropolis fountain would have a logical explanation in fact, and so would the Deucalion flood.

BUT wait! The Minoan eruption of Santorini occurred during the reign of the Eighteenth Dynasty of Pharaohs in Egypt. Sacred Egyptian writings of that period tell of a time of prolonged darkness, thunder, flood, plague, and days when the sun was "in the sky like the moon."



—*Doug Anderson following NASA satellite photo, Gemini 7.*

Color frames peninsula east of Nile delta that might have become dry bridge during tidal waves generated by Santorini volcano explosion of 1400 B.C. Sketch from eastern Mediterranean photo in *Art and Archaeology Newsletter*.

"Confusion seized the eyes," says one papyrus. "There was not exit from the palace by the space of nine days. Now these nine days were in violence and tempest: none . . . could see the face of his fellow."

WERE those nine days the same nine days that Deucalion spent adrift in his boat?

"O that the earth would cease from noise," says the papyrus. "The towns are destroyed. . . . Upper Egypt has become wasted."

Keftiu was an Egyptian name of that time for Crete. And a rupture of trade with Keftiu is mentioned in the papyrus:

"What shall we do for cedar for our mummies, with the produce of which priests are buried, and with the oil of which chiefs are embalmed as far as Keftiu? They come no more."

The Biblical name for Crete was Caphtor and the Cretans were called Philistines. In the seventh verse of the ninth chapter of the book of Amos, this challenge is put into the mouth of the Lord of the Jews:

"Have not I brought up Israel out of the land of Egypt? And the Philistines from Caphtor, and the Syrians from Kir?"

Do those words mean what they seem to mean—that the Minoans were driven from Crete at the same time that the Jews made their exodus from Egypt?

Professor Galanopoulos thought about this and made some rough calculations. Considering that the collapse of Krakatau had caused tsunamis in every ocean on the planet, and that the sunken area of Santorini was several times as great as the comparable area of Krakatau, there seemed ample reason to suppose that such a geological structure as the Bardawil peninsula east of Port Said (see sketch at left) might be turned into a bridge of dry land for the short period during which water was being sucked into the Aegean by the sinking cone of the Santorini volcano. Moses could have led the Jews safely across that bridge to freedom. And the Pharaoh's pursuing host could have been drowned when the bridge was swamped by a resurgence of water as the Aegean basin recovered its equilibrium.

There was one crucial hitch in all this fascinating reconstruction of history according to geophysical principles: The whole flood story was keyed to Plato's account of the sunken island of Atlantis. And there were several obvious discrepancies in Plato's story. First of all, if a central plain that Plato said was part of Atlantis had been as big as Plato said it was, Atlantis would never fit into the Mediterranean Sea, let alone the Aegean. Secondly, if Santorini was the real Atlantis and if its collapse occurred as a result of the eruption that ended Minoan

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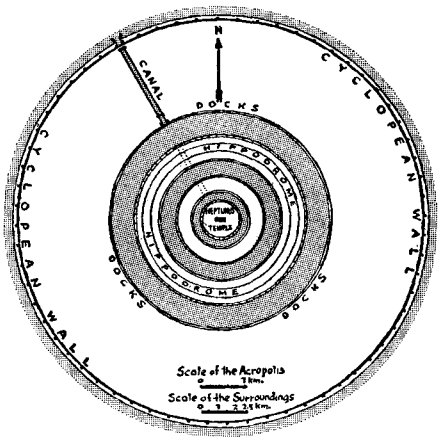
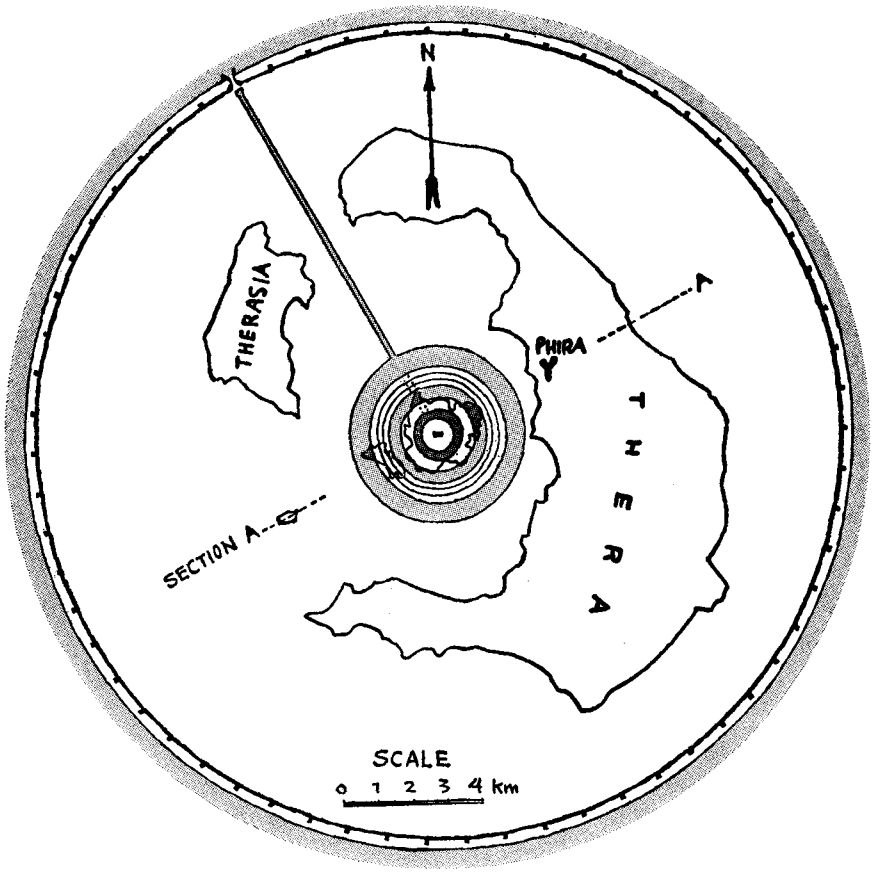
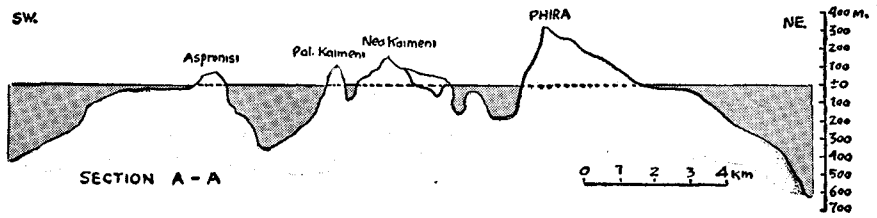


—*Doug Anderson following Angelos Galanopoulos.*



Design of lost island of Atlantis, drawn to scale from description in text of Plato's dialogues, is reproduced immediately above. At right, top, same design, also drawn to scale, is fitted over map of surviving remnants of Santorini volcano. At right, below, vertical profile of Santorini remnants suggests presence of annular harbors described in Atlantis.



civilization on Crete, then the date that Plato gave for the island's sinking was hundreds of years out of line.

Now if Professor Galanopoulos were a scientific specialist, focusing narrowly on a set path of research, he most probably would not have solved the riddle. But, as he told me several times during a long and genial talk, he is—in his studies of the Atlantis story—strictly amateur. Indeed, he says, almost everything that he has done in this area has been accidental. Even his skill in seismology (which others advise me is sufficiently advanced to include a method for predicting earthquakes) he attributes to chance influence. Born the son of a farmer in the little town of Riolos near Patras in northern Peloponnesos fifty-six years ago, he studied at the University of Athens and took an assistant seismologist's post upon graduation in 1943 because that job was open when others were not. He doesn't deny that he worked hard, and six years later he was head of the laboratory.

In 1956 an earthquake shook Santorini island. Professor Galanopoulos went there to make a field investigation of the quake damage. While there he visited mines in which tephra laid down by the volcano's past eruptions is removed for use as cement in all the cement works of Athens. At the bottom of a mine shaft he came upon the ruins of a stone house. In the house he found two small pieces of wood and some human teeth. He sent these relics to the Lamont Geological Observatory and thus discovered that the house had been buried in the Santorini eruption of 1400 B.C. and that the teeth belonged to a man in his thirties and a woman in her forties, who apparently were trapped and destroyed by the blast.

Willy-nilly, Professor Galanopoulos through this circumstance became personally involved in the gradually intensifying search for hidden effects of the great Santorini explosion. After all, seeing the walls of a house standing upright under a hundred feet of volcanic ash is a compelling experience. He talked often and graphically to his friends about it. Since many of them were scientists, another of those accidents he refers to came about naturally: He was invited to present a paper on the tsunamis of antiquity at the 1960 meeting of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics. Of course he accepted.

"The volcanic eruption [of 1400 B.C.], the collapse of the central part of the former island of Stronghyli, and the tsunami which followed for the first time open well the question of their bearing on the tale of Atlantis and the deluge of Deucalion," he wrote. Then, in this one precipitous sentence he suggested what he had done: "The exaggeration in the

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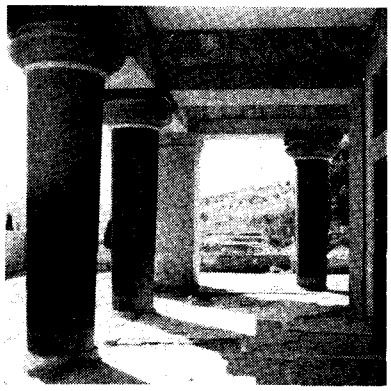
size of the island which vanished in the sea [Plato's island of Atlantis, that is], and in the time of its occurrence is quite a usual process due to eleven centuries which lapsed from the time of the collapse up to the epoch of Plato."

SIMPLY by dropping a zero from the time interval Plato had placed between the sinking of Atlantis and Solon's hearing of the tale, Professor Galanopoulos reduced an impossible 9,000-year span to the 900 years which actually divided the Minoan eruption of Santorini from the date of Solon's visit to Egypt.

From the scholarly point of view, this may seem an inexcusably arbitrary exercise. But the professor pointed out to me that the same sort of error must be compensated for today whenever an Englishman and an American talk in terms of billions. The American means a thousand millions, but the Briton means a million millions. The ancient Greeks had similar troubles in reading the glyphs of Egypt.

Professor Galanopoulos justifies dropping the zero because it corrected an error of space as well as an error of time in Plato's account of Atlantis. When adjusted downward to fit the new scale of measurement, the immense size of the plain Plato included in Atlantis came easily within the limits of the Aegean Sea. The professor reasons that Plato had to make a choice between rejecting Solon's story of Atlantis altogether or putting Atlantis in some body of water big enough to contain the island. Plato chose to believe Solon.



—*D. A. Harissiadis.*

Minoan palace columns on Crete.

The metropolis Plato placed on Atlantis was not affected by the mistakenly exaggerated figures, and Professor Galanopoulos made a design of it for his IUGG paper. Next he took a map of the surviving remnants of Santorini and dropped his design onto the map. The fit was neat. Finally, he drew a vertical profile of Santorini from hydrographic charts of the admiralty, and it confirmed the presence of alternating circles of land and water such as Plato assigned to Atlantis (see sketches, page 65).

It was exciting evidence, but not conclusive, and no amount of verbal manipulation could make it so. Only underwater exploration could produce the quantitative measurements required by scientific discipline. Professor Galanopoulos, lacking moneys with which to finance an adequate expedition, waited hopefully for another accident to happen to him. It did in the summer of 1965.

James W. Mavor, Jr., inventor of the deep-submergence vehicle *Alvin* and a research specialist at Woods Hole (Massachusetts) Oceanographic Institution, visited Athens with a Greek-born friend, Christos Stergis, a physicist on the staff of the U.S. Air Force Cambridge Research Center. While in the city, Mavor asked to talk to someone interested in oceanography. Professor Galanopoulos was proposed as a provocative candidate. In the ensuing conversations, Mavor became convinced that Professor Galanopoulos's ideas about Atlantis were worth testing with appropriate scientific instruments.

LAST summer the Woods Hole research vessel *Chain* took a long cruise in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea, sounding the bottom for the U.S. Navy. Chief scientist aboard was Edward Zarudski, briefed on Santorini in advance by Mavor. On its way back to Cape Cod, the *Chain* sailed through the Santorini caldera and around the periphery of the land that remained above water after the 1400 B.C. explosion. The soundings of that one day's sail haven't yet been analyzed, but Mavor (who arranged to be ferried to the *Chain* from the Athenian home of an American friend, historian Edward Loring) has scanned a recording of them carefully enough to be sure that the original island contained within it a deep harbor.

Whether the harbor was annular, in the manner Plato ascribed to Atlantis, can be determined only by further soundings. Mavor intends to return to Santorini next year to make them, to draw cores from the sea bottom in a straight line from Santorini to Crete, and to dig out ruins in at least three places he considers to be significant. For a first-rate expedition, he figures he will need to raise $100,000. Possible sources are the National Science Foundation, the Office of Naval Research, and the Environmental Science Services Administration.

Rarely is it possible to focus disparate scientific specialties sharply on a common objective as can be done with the Santorini volcano as a research target. Seldom are the sciences and the humanities equally concerned with a project as deeply as they are in the historical consequences of the great Santorini explosion. Only once or twice in a human lifetime is a dynamic means at hand to remind people that they are evolutionary creatures dependent on the evolution of their environment—the restless planet of a yellow star.

What price is worth paying for the opportunity? I asked Professor Galanopoulos. A smile enveloped his round face. He spread his hands and gently reminded me: "I am only an amateur."

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

—*Photo by James W. Mavor, Jr., Woods Hole.*

Professor Angelos Galanopoulos, Greek seismologist (right), cruising with American-born historian Edward Loring in caldera of Santorini volcano. In immediate background is active volcano top which is gradually rebuilding Santorini into circular shape it had before 1400 B.C. and perhaps before still earlier eruption 25,000 years ago.

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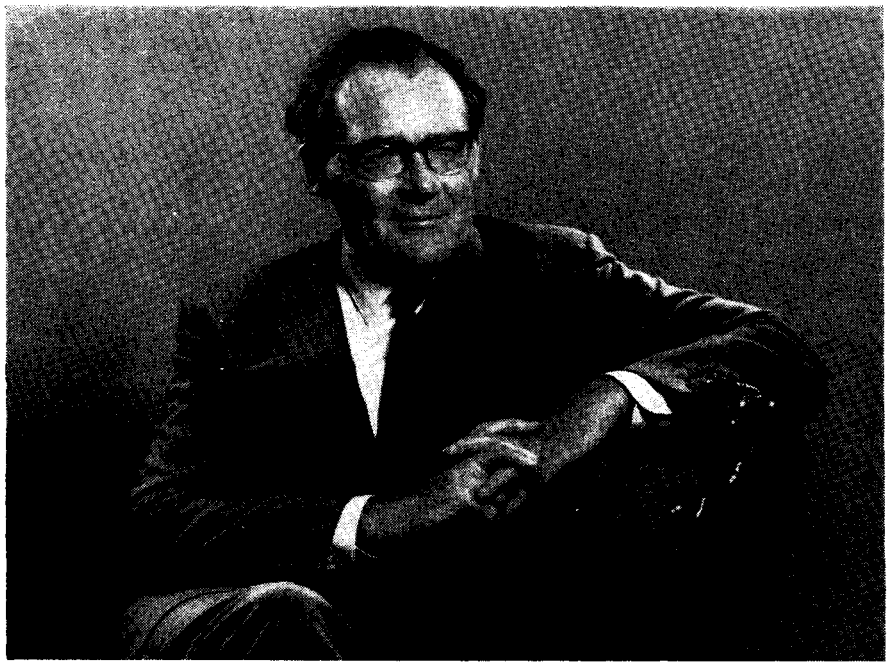
PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—CIV

JOHN MADDOX

Crusading Science Editor



Antony di Gésu.

LONDON, ENGLAND.

THE BROADEST gauge science journal on earth is the British weekly paper, *Nature*. Any change in the editorial direction of *Nature* is bound to be news, and the latest change —which occurred just a few months ago— is unusual news because of the fighting spirit of the red-topped, six-foot Welshman who now occupies the editor's chair: John Maddox. So I stopped off in London on my way to Athens to talk to Maddox over a leisurely lunch at the Reform Club. Since the club rules include a blanket prohibition against "exposing documents," I wasn't allowed to remove from my pockets the paper on which I had intended to take notes of the conversation; I couldn't even make stealthy jabs of my pen at the back of the menu. But my memory is reasonably faithful, and if it should fail me on a detail here and there in the report that follows, I shall throw myself confidently on the pardon that flows inevitably from Maddox's exquisite fountain of humor.

How can I be so utterly confident if Maddox is in truth a fighting man?

Because I share the only two unalterable contempts I know him to harbor.

One of these is directed at scientists who refuse to use the English language with loving care and clarity.

The target of the other encompasses all who cannot accept the idea that science is the people's business, especially now that the people pay so large a share of the cost of science.

My first and most insistent remembrance of what Maddox told me at the lunch table is that although he has been in his new post officially only since the first day of July 1966, he has already enjoyed the pleasure of being criticized for publishing an accurate account of something that might have been more palatable had inaccuracy crept in.

Now any person who finds joy in such an experience must learn to live in torrid surroundings. The heat will be on more often than it will be off. But those who think they can smoke Maddox out of his convictions would do well to reflect on the occupation of his favorite ancestor.

Grandfather Maddox was also named John. He built steel furnaces from the inside. He was, that is, an expert in the firebrick that contains the seething turbulence of molten iron. If the furnace walls cooled down too far between melts of steel, the brick would shrink and distort the furnace structure, making it dangerous to restart the fires. Consequently, he had to make repairs while the furnaces were still hot. He did his work in an asbestos suit, with streams of water playing on him to save him from shriveling.

On the side, that first John Maddox dabbled in math and physics, read H. G. Wells, dealt in what his grandson calls "potted archeology." He also built radio sets at home—was still making them with quartz crystals instead of vacuum tubes in the 1930s. "He was the kind of person who would now be making bits and pieces of computers at the breakfast table," his grandson explained. "He was also an extremely talkative chap," editor Maddox went on. "He was a bit of a crank I suppose." This last remark couldn't have been designed as a derogation, for a sense of irreparable loss crossed the lunch table with the words: "My grandfather died in 1937."

Steel-furnace-builder Maddox obviously is his grandson's folk hero, a primal source of courage and sense of theater. But the man who stands between the two on the family tree—the present John Maddox's father—added another dimension to editor Maddox's inheritance. For father Maddox, while employed as a tinplate bender in the steel mills of Wales, wrote free-lance items for publication in the *Swansea Evening Post*.

THE new editor of *Nature* revealed his love of language early. He wrote what he now dismisses as "the usual" for school magazines, and "always used to win the essay prize" in the classroom competitions.

In 1943, at the age of eighteen, he went to Oxford, which is noted for the freedom it gives young men to show what they can do on their own. There he "read chemistry because everyone in the physics and mathematics departments had gone off" to World War II. "From there I got taken to King's College, London" by a theoretical chemist, C. A. Coulson, with whom Maddox worked for two years, "really using the time to switch to theoretical physics and statistical mechanics, which I had always been interested in anyway."

Maddox joined the faculty of the University of Manchester in 1949 and stayed for six years, teaching under the great Patrick M. S. Blackett, first as an assistant lecturer and then as a lecturer. Professor Bernard (now Sir Bernard) Lovell was there at the time, working so hard on the now famous Jodrell Bank radio telescope that others had to shoulder the burden of teaching astronomy. Maddox married during this period, endured the tragedy of stillborn offspring after his wife became diabetic, and in desperation over medical costs that far

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outreached his academic income, finally decided to accept the first job that offered to double his salary.

This job turned out to be with the Atomic Energy Authority of Great Britain. But in order to get it, Maddox had to pass through security clearance. The clearance procedures required a month to complete. During that month, the Manchester *Guardian* heard that Maddox was fed up with the starvation wages of academe, and its editors dangled before his eager eyes an unbeatable combination: good pay and freedom of expression.

GUARDIAN coverage of science thereafter became the best in England, perhaps the best in the world. While most other science reporters did a certain amount of fumbling when interviewing scientists, Maddox, because of his own theoretical and laboratory training in mathematics, physics, and chemistry, recognized the main points at issue and addressed himself sharply to them. Scientists often benefited from his questioning, and freely admitted it. Those who might have preferred a fumbling approach were reluctant to challenge his biting comments in print because his grasp of scientific principle was evident between as well as in his lines, and the aura of authority carried over into the arena of politics when he related science to public affairs.

Perhaps because the *Guardian's* editors underestimated both the importance of science and popular interest in it, Maddox was taken onto the staff with the understanding that his scientific contributions to the paper would require only half a working day. To augment his income he wrote *Guardian* editorials during the other half day (that is, from 3 p.m. to midnight) and did a weekly column for *The New Scientist* as well.

All this meant much train traveling between Manchester and London. To save the time he was spending in transit, Maddox moved to London and worked out of the *Guardian* office there until 1960. That year his wife died, leaving him with two sons and a considerable sense of restlessness. When the Washington *Post* proposed that he go to Washington for a hitch on the *Post* staff while a *Post* staffer replaced him temporarily in London, he accepted the deal with the *Guardian's* blessing.

His personal blend of twinkling humor and incisive analysis made him a very popular reporter in Washington. Publicity men of various government agencies involved in science kept him moving around major research laboratories from Massachusetts to California.

The exchange arrangement between the *Post* and the *Guardian* lasted only three months. But Maddox was invited to return to the United States as science writer in residence at Rockefeller University. There he spent one full year, editing the university's quarterly *Review*, counseling faculty and students on the art of writing, and somehow finding time to write two popular books—one on biology and the other on physics. Gene Kone, public relations advisor to Rockefeller University president Detlev Bronk, retains a profound respect for the "brisk, uncompromising prose" Maddox used in attacking "the chronic illiteracy of scientists and scientists-in-the-making."

When Maddox returned to England the last time, in 1963, he kept a promise he had made to rejoin the staff of the *Guardian*. The *Guardian* was taken off guard by this gesture of fidelity, for he had been jumping around like a disembodied frog leg—from London to Washington to London to New York to London—for more years than a man ordinarily takes to settle down as he nears forty. But Maddox had finally satisfied himself on a fundamental question: the academic atmosphere was too rare for his blood; he needed direct, immediate involvement in the larger affairs of the world. He would be a journalist thenceforth.

Few newspapers of solid character are as outspoken as the Manchester *Guardian*. Even the *Guardian*, however, was not prepared for the blunt challenge Maddox proposed to throw at Harold Wilson, then leader of the Labor party. At the Labor Party Conference of 1963, Mr. Wilson promised that if the Labor party should be returned to power in the forthcoming election, science and technology would be so deployed as to restore Britain's fading power and glory.

"It is all very well for Mr. Wilson to tell us this," Maddox wrote in an editorial he drafted for the paper. "But just how is the feat to be accomplished? Can it, in fact, be done this way?"

SOME fierce verbal infighting followed backstage at the *Guardian*. Maddox argued that science had come to be accepted as a wooden horse for too many political maneuvers, and that the good of both science and society required tough appraisal of which missions science might reasonably be expected to carry out and which might better not be considered. He didn't intend to impugn Mr. Wilson's integrity, but merely to ask for detailed specifications in support of a vague generality.

Maddox lost the argument. His editorial was scrapped. And he angrily left the *Guardian*.

Postscript: Although Mr. Wilson has been Prime Minister for several years, science has not yet lifted Britain out of deepening doldrums, nor has the Labor government brought out a specific plan for doing so.

HAVING closed the door to the academic world before returning to the *Guardian*, Maddox now had to seek work in some area between pure scholarship and the immediate political involvements of science journalism. The Nuffield Foundation needed an assistant director to take charge of an experiment in reforming science curricula in British schools. Maddox took the place, carrying to it a pair of major assets from the past: one an acquaintanceship with Dr. Jerrold Zacharias of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, prime-mover of physical science textbook rewriting in America; the other the homework of a son, who was filling class notebooks with statements copied from a blackboard in lieu of direct observation of experiments in the laboratory.

The Nuffield Science Teaching Project today is far enough along to make one conclusion certain: All the new textbooks John Maddox nursed into being will recognize an old philosophical truth—people are not taught, they learn. The art of education lies in making knowledge available to those who care enough to reach for it. The laboratory is the anteroom of life.

Maddox dropped out as pilot of the science textbook experiment when he left the Nuffield Foundation last April. Six months earlier, L. J. F. Brimble, editor of *Nature*, had died, and "someone" asked Maddox if he had any interest in becoming Brimble's successor. Maddox said he did. And former British conservative Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, scion of the publishing family that owns *Nature*, announced the appointment.

"The last thing a man in my position would do would be to depart from tradition," Maddox told me when I asked what changes he had in mind for *Nature*. This, I sensed, was a diplomatic evasion. For Brimble, his predecessor, an intuitively brilliant editor (as most great editors are) had one failing: he could not delegate authority effectively. Consequently, the professional refereeing of scientific papers under Brimble's editorship had been weak and slow.

Without mentioning this weak spot in *Nature's* past operation, Maddox de-

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scribed the efforts he was making to strengthen it. He has assembled a panel of 2,000 qualified reviewers, about 200 of whom are available for telephone consultation with himself, his deputy John Fifield, and the four assistant editors (a geophysicist, a botanist, a metallurgist, and a physiologist) Maddox is in process of teaching "how to correct an author's spelling without rewriting his manuscript." Experience has taught Maddox that the practice of refereeing has two extremes, and he has a constitutional preference for the judgments of those who say "this paper would be worth publishing if so-and-so were done to improve it" as against the opinions of those who say "this paper shouldn't be published because I've done the same experiments and haven't published my results yet."

At present, the lag between submission of a contribution and its publication in *Nature* runs from a period of weeks (for papers on physics) to a period of months (for papers on biology). Within the next year, Maddox hopes to trim the delay uniformly to a single month or perhaps even to three weeks. To prod his staff in this direction, he intends to resume an old but recently abandoned system of publishing with each contribution the date on which it was submitted.

A "staggeringly large" number of contributions—well over half—are now being turned back as unacceptable. The acceptable fraction is being condensed into shorter type space by making acceptance conditional on concise statement. "We insist that scientists write for us in English, rather than in some specialized language known only to themselves or to a few of their laboratory colleagues," Maddox said firmly. "Translation into clear and simple prose very often cuts 1,000 unintelligible words down to 100 meaningful ones."

"*Nature* is not a specialty journal," he emphasized. "We cover the whole spectrum of scientific endeavor. So the stuff we publish must excite interest generally. We want our readers to feel not only that we have a reason for putting an item in *Nature* but that the item has special relevance to the week of its publication.

"Our editorial ideal in reporting experiments is to take a broad approach and state conclusions engagingly, eliminating description of laboratory procedures because they will be published in detail elsewhere anyhow. To convey the excitement of science—not the mechanics—is our job. And I may say that the word 'job' is a good one here. *Nature* is essentially a trade journal. We have a responsibility to tell the specialist in one discipline what is going on in other disciplines, and to tell it with enough bite to provoke thought. We must publish news of who gets a research grant and what someone who doesn't get a grant can do and sometimes who didn't get a grant and why he should have got it. We must expose government policy toward science, and relate that policy to official policies elsewhere in the world." This last is crucial to *Nature's* circulation pattern, two-thirds of which lies outside Great Britain, one third in North America.

Maddox already has set two precedents in his brief editorship of *Nature*. One was to report a science scandal neglected by the newspapers. The other was to disagree publicly with the president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Recently he has been crusading for more exacting and more creative editing of established science journals as an alternative to proliferating systems of preprint and preprint publication that carry no criteria of excellence. A subject on which he has not yet expressed himself but undoubtedly soon will is the urgent need for scientists to set up internal priorities on research spending.

As might be suspected from what I have reported here, the Maddox working day averages close to seventeen hours in length. He usually rises at 7 a.m. in his house in Roehampton, surrounded by parks, to be with the children (two by his first wife, one by the second; a Massachusetts newspaper girl he met at an Atoms-for-Peace Conference) while they prepare for school. On those three days of the week when his wife drives to her job at *The Economist*, he rides the family car with her. On the other days he takes the underground at Putney Bridge Station, and jostles to the office with morning newspaper in hand, arriving generally around 9.30 a.m. At least as often as not, he is still in the office at 9 p.m. Then he goes home for dinner, and afterwards reads manuscripts at home until 1 or 2 a.m. In spite of this exhausting routine, he answered spiritedly all the questions I could summon at lunch. It was a Saturday afternoon.

—J.L.

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Dr. Shklovskii of the Sternberg Astronomical Institute of the Soviet Academy of Sciences is internationally renowned as a brilliant and original thinker. His earlier work, *Universe, Life, Mind* (Vselennaia, Zhizn, Razum) was serialized in Komsomolskaya Pravda. Dr. Sagan is Assistant Professor of Astronomy at Harvard, a staff member of the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, and an eminent biologist as well. He is one of the few practicing astronomers who has served on a medical school faculty (Stanford Medical School). Russian portions of the text have been superbly translated by Paula Fern.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

Code of Life

As a physical scientist who has some appreciation of quantum mechanics (the study of small systems such as atoms or molecules) and statistical mechanics (the additional principles necessary to predict the behavior of large numbers of molecules, ions, etc.), I must agree with the general viewpoint of Barry Commoner [*SR*, Oct. 1] on the extreme complexity of the living cell and life process, and the oversimplifications inherent in the "dogmas" of the molecular biologists. The quantum mechanicist has not yet attained an exact solution for the helium atom, consisting of a nucleus and two electrons, or in effect of the relative motion of only two particles (although he has extremely accurate numerical solutions). For larger atoms and molecules, approximate numerical methods exist which can give good results with modern computers, but the hope of ever obtaining exact solutions, even for large atoms, is so small as to be non-existent. It was Eddington who stated (correctly) that to merely tabulate the complete many-electron wave function for a heavy atom would require a series of volumes so extensive that all the material in the known universe would be insufficient for their manufacture.

The point I wish to make is that the living cell is infinitely more complex than a single molecule, and that man's chances of understanding it completely, or duplicating it, are entirely negligible if he survives for another billion years. To merely specify the "coordinating conditions," or spatio-temporal conditions, spoken of by Lancelot Law Whyte, would require a set of volumes which would exhaust a universe of universes.

William J. Taylor.

Columbus, O.

The three selections on "the elusive code of life" were stimulating reading because they represented different viewpoints which maintained a common theme: Life is more complex than some molecular biologists claim it to be. Of the three viewpoints, Commoner's represents, to me, a negative return to the "organism as a whole" view (*circa* 1915) which ridiculed Morgan's *Drosophila* (fruit fly) group for suggesting that there were hereditary factors (genes) which could be localized in the chromosomes. Kendrew is more level-headed; he does not erect a wall of contradiction and imperfection around the "central dogma" and its successes. He points out, as most geneticists (molecular and non-molecular) are aware, that the cell and the higher organism require much more research and study before we will see their test tube synthesis. Whyte, representing the philosophical view from Whitehead to Woodger, sees "organization" as the major problem.

It is not that molecular biologists either ignore or are blind to these problems. True, synthesizing genes or DNA in a test tube requires better biochemical techniques than are presently available but which do exist already in the living cell. The cell, however, has had some *two billion years* in which to try out the mutations which have made it as efficient as it is. Molecular biology as a recognized science is a product of the last *fifteen years*. If so much has been learned in so few years, why is there such a pessimism about the biological significance of the genetic code, the primacy of "the gene as the basis of life," and the eventual utility of molecular biology for solving problems in modern medicine and "classical" biology?

Elof Axel Carlson,
Associate Professor, Zoology,
University of California.

Los Angeles, Calif.

With all due respect, I think Professor Commoner's notions on present biological research is more myopic than the view he attributes to molecular biologists.

The fallacy of his argument lies in his dicotomy of classical *vs.* molecular biology. His comparison can logically be carried to the other direction; it is insufficient to look at just one cell or a few cells, but instead we must look at the multicellular organism as a whole. And, more, it needs its bodily integrity to occupy its niche and compete in a successful manner.

Wöhler's synthesis of urea in 1828 stripped organic compounds of their vital force. The preparation of a cell-free extract capable of fermenting sugar was accomplished in 1897 by the Büchner brothers; this helped make the vital force a more labile concept. Sumner's purification of urease and Sanger's elucidation of the structure of insulin answered what had been considered a preposterous question: "Is protein composition specific and finite down to the sequence of amino acids?" Thus, the approach to understanding the life processes has been a gradual one of studying the separate parts first, then their interactions. What other approach is there?

Fred Lang.

Urbana, Ill.

Code of Advertising

We were surprised to read, on page 52 of your September 3 issue, a letter sharply critical of our little pamphlet, *Guide to Your National Forests, Parks, Monuments and Historic Sites*. In the more than five years we have published the booklet, this is the first criticism of it brought to our attention. We have received many favorable comments on it from people in nearly every walk of life.

The letter you published, to which I refer, was from Richard W. Macomber, Curator, Department of Geology, Northwestern University, Evanston, Illinois. Mr. Macomber expressed shock and dismay over the evident collaboration between the National Park Service and Phillips Petroleum Company in the publication of this booklet. We believe he and your other readers would want to have a greater understanding of the booklet's origin, purpose, and use.

In the first place, we do not offer the booklet on a wide-scale basis to the general public. We do furnish a copy to anyone who happens to learn of the booklet and requests one.

The booklet was prepared as part of our participation in an elementary and secondary school informational program, "The ABCs of American Industry." Through a quarterly magazine made available to teachers, this program presents informative articles for the use of teachers in classroom preparation; obligates companies who participate, such as Phillips, to offer printed materials for the use of teachers and students in class studies; and sponsors numerous contests in which students may use the materials in preparation of such projects as essays, scrapbooks, posters—all to develop a better understanding of the American heritage and American industry.

In order to insure that such a booklet would be accurate, we asked the National Park Service and the U.S. Forest Service to preview our preparatory materials and offer ideas. Both services were enthusiastic and cooperative in this respect. They told us that no other publication of the nature of this booklet was available for free distribution and in this respect it filled a need. In fact, each of the services asked if we would consider furnishing quantities to them for distribution to people who request materials, and we were glad to do so.

Mr. Macomber's letter also referred to this statement in the booklet in question:

"Good morning. This is account number 624-598-32465. Could you please connect me with a human being?"

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"In 1962 the U.S. Department of Interior honored Phillips with its Conservation Service Award for significant service to the cause of conservation." The letter inquired as to the nature of this award.

The U.S. Department of the Interior annually presents awards to private citizens, government officials, and industrial firms as a means of recognizing outstanding contributions to conservation. In making the presentation of the 1962 award to our company, Mr. Stewart L. Udall, Secretary of the Interior, said: "The Phillips Petroleum Company, through its continuing public programs, is rendering significant service to the cause of conservation."

R. E. JEFFREY,
Manager, Editorial Division,
Advertising and Public Relations Department,
Phillips Petroleum Company.
Bartlesville, Okla.

MR. JEFFREY of Phillips Petroleum Co. sent us a carbon of his letter to you.

First of all, note that the booklet in question was NOT sent to us at our request by Phillips Petroleum Company but by the U.S. Park Service. Mr. Jeffrey devotes a paragraph to the fact that Phillips does "not offer the booklet on a wide-scale basis to the general public." But the National Park Service *does*. We object to any use whatever of corporate promotional material by a government agency.

The old Park Service guide was almost identical to the Phillips pamphlet (except that the guide had better illustrations) and cost a nickel. The Park Service did not so much assist Phillips in preparing a guide as it did permit the company to issue old, established material under the company name, with plugs for the company, auto travel, and "the American way of life."

If the Park Service wanted a guide that was free instead of one that cost a nickel, and decided to give an oil company credit for the old one in exchange for getting a free supply, then the conduct of the Park Service should be investigated. That the company had been commended for conservation activities does not justify the action of the Park Service.

RICHARD W. MACOMBER.
Evanston, Ill.

King James Again

TO CORRECT AN ERROR in Professor Otis D. Duncan's letter [*SR*, Sept. 3], "James V, King of Scotland, who became James I, King of England, etc . . .," may I state that it is quite generally accepted that James I of England was James VI of Scotland. Hardly saintly, he was referred to as "the wisest fool in Christendom."

R. D. LANDON.
Akron, O.

No Sir

YOU REFERRED TO Francis Crick, author of the excerpt from *Of Molecules and Men* [*SR*, Sept. 3], as "Sir" Francis Crick. He has not yet received that accolade.

RAMONA WEEKS,
Managing Editor,
University of Washington Press.
Seattle, Wash.

European Scene

Continued from page 31

now been translated in Russia's *Inostrannaya Literatura*, but with the same skittishness that characterized their version of Truman Capote's *In Cold Blood* (EUROPEAN LITERARY SCENE, June 4). Jim Critchlow of Radio Liberty tells me that captured Vietcong weapons "from China and Prague and Russia" become "from various countries." Descriptions of Vietcong atrocities in peasant villages are deleted. Semantic subtleties are masterfully handled. Take, for example, the following conciliatory remark from the text: "A Marxist is not necessarily a monster, any more than an old-fashioned capitalist." The last half becomes: ". . . and a capitalist is not an old-fashioned bogeyman." In other words, he is a real and continuing threat! A final analysis of the changes leaves one with the impression that the Russians are more anti-Chinese than anti-American, an impression shared by any recent visitor to Moscow.

H. G. Wells was born at Bromley, Kent, in 1866, and so a centenary is now in order. André Maurois has already come out with an article summarizing Wells's prophetic powers in politics and science. *The Complete Short Stories of H. G. Wells* (Ernest Benn) have been reprinted in a "Centenary Edition." The son of a gardener and a housemaid, Wells never took time to look back in anger, and triumphed over all his obstacles, including tuberculosis. *The Time Machine* of 1895 won him the vast international audience he has never lost. *The War of the Worlds* (1898) suggested that when the bellicose Martian giants invade our world and start to exterminate us, humble microbes may infect the invader and save us. Foreseeing the potential ravages of science and technology, Wells moved on from a flirtation with Fabian Socialism and started to preach his goal of a supranational or universal state. In the 1930s he visited both Roosevelt and Stalin in an effort to convince them of this need—just before he wrote his *Fate of Homo Sapiens*. It is a coincidence that a scant year prior to his death in 1946 the United Nations Organization was proclaimed in San Francisco. That same year he published his *Mind at the End of Its Tether*.

The new internationalism of the Soviet Union reflected, as noted, in the Gorki Institute of World Literature continues to generate ambitious new cross-cultural publications. Latest is the twelve-volume jubilee edition of the works of Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941), now incontestably the most complete collection of Tagore's works outside India. As part of their campaign to develop specialists in every major national literature, the Russians had personnel trained in Bengali literature and language to supervise the editing and translations. They were thus able to bypass the abundant English versions and work with the original Bengali texts. This is a long stride from the year 1916, when every work of Tagore in English had been retranslated and published in Russian. (In 1913 Tagore's citation from the Nobel Prize jury hailed him as a writer in the Anglo-Western tradition.)

Tagore, who wrote favorably of the USSR after spending seventeen days there, has been admired in Russia since at least 1913. Anna Akhmatova, Boris Pasternak, and others perfected first-draft translations of his verse for an earlier anthology. Testimony to the zeal of the Russians for paying homage to Indian talent is the fact that this latest printing of Tagore will total 100,000 twelve-volume sets, or 1,200,000 individual books. The cultural gesture will not be overlooked in India. When will our Great Society begin to give such unstinting attention to these literary spokesmen of the uncommitted and emerging peoples?

—ROBERT J. CLEMENTS.

"All of a sudden my troubles seem insignificant."

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ICY

Continued from page 25

pected shortfalls in earnings from export.

The United States has fallen behind other free world countries in expanding trade with Eastern Europe. Legislation which President Johnson sent to the Congress last spring would at least enable American negotiators to offer most-favored-nation tariff treatment to countries such as the Soviet Union, Rumania, and Czechoslovakia in exchange for concessions of equivalent significance to us. It deserves to be enacted, and followed up with further measures to expand trade on a basis of mutual advantage.

► *Aiding Economic Development.* The rate of increase of Gross National Product in the less developed countries slipped from 5 per cent in 1950-54 to 4 per cent in 1960-64. With population growth averaging at least 2 or 3 per cent in most of these countries, per capita income for the group is rising only about 1 per cent a year. If these trends continue, their average per capita income, now about $120, will be only about $170 in the year 2000—while the present $3,000 per capita income of the United States will grow to some $5,000 or $6,000.

Unfortunately, financial assistance to the developing countries has begun to level off, and the burden of debt service increasingly offsets the transfer of new resources. Congress has been reluctant to increase bilateral assistance, to reduce or eliminate interest rates on development loans, or to provide assurance of continuity through multi-year authorizations of appropriations. But a bold proposal to transfer additional resources through international agencies such as the International Development Association might meet with a better Congressional response. At the very least, American policy should aim at increasing to $1 billion a year the "soft" lending of the International Development Association and raising to $300 million dollars a year the pre-investment outlays of the U.N. Development Program. A U.S. offer to put up 40 per cent of these sums on a matching basis could demonstrate the U.S. commitment to development and restore forward movement now lacking in multilateral aid efforts.

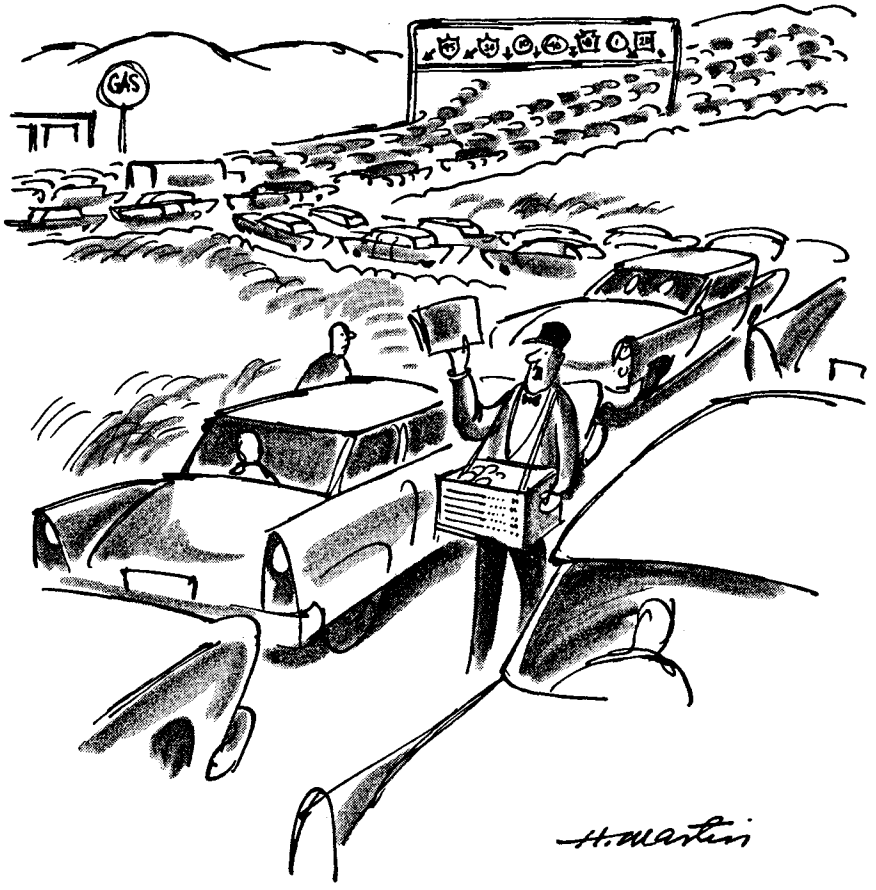
► *Organizing World Finance.* For the past eight years the United States has run substantial deficits in its balance of payments. These deficits have been partly financed by increased foreign dollar holdings, but they have also been paid for by large reductions in our gold stock. The United States cannot go on losing gold indefinitely. Yet elimination of the deficit may leave the world short of the liquidity needed for the continued expansion of world trade. And measures taken to reduce the deficit may have unfortunate consequences.

Generalizations in this complex field are dangerous. It would appear, however, that the world's gold supply is growing too slowly to finance the growing volume of world trade and that the United States can no longer take the principal responsibility for supplementing it. Other nations therefore must bear a growing share of responsibility for increasing world liquidity, by increasing the credit facilities in the International Monetary Fund, by creating a new form of "owned" reserves, or by some combination of the two. If a new reserve unit is created, the national currencies paid by the developed countries in exchange for it could be used for long-term lending in the less developed world.

► *Curbing Population Growth.* There is a growing realization that significantly higher living standards in the less developed countries will never be achieved if the population goes on doubling every twenty or thirty years, and there is increasing awareness that if we do not make voluntary family planning possible in this generation, we may make compulsory family planning inevitable in some countries in the future.

The U.S. Government is now providing direct support for family planning efforts through technical, financial, and commodity aid. The big question is no longer whether the United States will help but whether the countries concerned will move fast enough to train and deploy the necessary administrators, doctors, and health workers. The United Nations, the World Health Organization, the United Nations Children's Fund, the U.N. Regional Economic Commissions and their demographic centers—all must be encouraged to work together to assist in effective national programs of family planning.

► *Conserving Resources.* The report of the Committee on Conservation of Resources offers significant proposals for action. It urges an International Trust for the World Heritage to identify, establish, develop, and help manage natural areas and archaeological sites of unique value to the world community. It calls for better regulation of the world's fishing practices to prevent depletion of the marine harvest. It asks cooperative efforts to deal with the contamination of Man's environment by pesticides, oil pollution of the high seas, and the disposal of nuclear wastes. It proposes an international authority to exploit metal deposits on the ocean floor which may soon be extractable in large quantities. As the United States moves to deal with



"Milk! Sandwiches! Ice cream! Magazines! Overnight kits!"

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problems of pollution and conservation at home, it also must lead in efforts for wise international resource management.

► *Exploring Outer Space.* The United States and the Soviet Union have agreed, as stated in a U.N. declaration of legal principles, that outer space and celestial bodies should be free for exploration by all in conformity with international law, and not subject to sovereign claims. The next stage should be a treaty embodying these principles, together with other provisions, including a ban on the use of the moon and other celestial bodies as military bases.

Joint ventures in the launching of astronauts have been considered impractical because neither the Soviet Union nor the United States would permit the other nation to gain access to military information. But astronauts launched separately by the two countries can meet in outer space and work on joint projects. We should explore the possibility of lunar or orbital laboratories jointly operated by the two countries in the name of the United Nations. At first these laboratories might consist only of equipment; later they might be manned by astronauts of various countries. These joint laboratories could gather information about the solar system as well as about our own planet. Eventually they might be the basis of a U.N. inspection service capable of patrolling borders and monitoring arms control agreements.

Within a decade or so, the United States and other countries may be able to broadcast directly from satellites to community or home receivers. The United States can help assure constructive use of this capability by promoting international studies of what space broadcasting can do for less developed countries and for world peace; by organizing pilot demonstration projects with U.N. sponsorship in countries such as India; by encouraging national and international aid agencies to finance needed ground facilities; and by helping work out effective means of assuring friendly countries that political or commercial messages will not be broadcast to their populations against their will.

► *Expanding the Exchange of Ideas.* Modern technology and culture are breaking down many official barriers. The United States can assist in this process by seeking the bolder programs of exchange of teachers and students, newspapers and books, motion pictures, and cultural presentations. For example, the United States could offer Soviet leaders the opportunity to address Americans regularly on television, in return for the same privilege to us in the Soviet Union. We could propose to exchange time on the Voice of America for the same amount of time on Radio Moscow.

More can be done to encourage private groups around the world to strengthen the United Nations' role in this field, including the capacity of the U.N.'s Department of Public Information to bring the story of U.N. activities to the peoples of the world. The United States should encourage the use of communication satellites by the U.N. for this purpose, at special rates or without charge.

► *Protecting Human Rights.* The United Nations has designated 1968, the twentieth anniversary of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, as Human Rights Year. The United States has taken important action to promote human rights at home, but it must go further in making the promotion of human rights a central element in its foreign policy. One step long overdue is the ratification of the human rights treaties now before the U.S. Senate—the conventions on slavery, forced labor, and the political rights of women. Ratification of the Genocide Convention, another treaty pending in the Senate, would also be desirable.

The United States should work for adoption of a proposal now before the U.N. to create a High Commissioner for Human Rights. Such a commissioner could present a professional and comprehensive report each year on the progress of member governments in implementing the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. He could deal with specific complaints and assist members in organizing domestic institutions for the protection of human rights.

It is to be hoped that the President's Special Committee will support bold measures of the kind outlined in this agenda and that the improved dialogue between U.S. citizens and their government resulting from the White House Conference will yield more and better ideas. But a dialogue between American citizens or Americans and their government is no substitute for a dialogue with the other peoples and governments of the world. If we really want to implement the bold concept of International Cooperation Year, then let us propose to the Soviet Union that our best qualified citizens meet with theirs to explore each of the thirty subjects discussed at the White House Conference, or other subjects of their choice. These meetings could be of the same character as the famous "Pugwash" conferences—scientists, scholars, and professional men of both countries would participate in their individual capacities without committing their respective governments.

If a series of meetings of this kind were held, it could not fail to have a salutary effect on Soviet-American relations. Perhaps these conferences could even be broadened to include citizens from other Communist countries. Through such a program we then could supplement a policy of containment with a policy of engagement—engagement of all parts of our societies on all relevant subjects in a cooperative quest for peace.

"Well, there goes the neighborhood."

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Japan

Continued from page 44

ly floating in the center of rice fields, they represent graphically what has happened and is happening to Japan today. Pearl Buck has simply, and sympathetically, put this into words.

That Mrs. Buck does not speak or understand Japanese in no way invalidates either her memories—which are obviously, and justifiably, tinged with sentiment—or the historical facts making up the major part of her text. Nevertheless the lack places at least some sections of the book in the category of, for want of a better word, "intuitive" reporting, rather than in-depth study. It means that she was not only dependent upon her interpreter, but had to rely entirely on surface observations, for no foreigner who is not fluent in the admittedly difficult Japanese language and its idioms can hope to meet and understand the Japanese people in their natural habitat.

FEW if any authors with the stature, tenderness, and sensitivity of Pearl Buck have attempted it, and those who have have all too often been taken in by the charming outward manners and mannerisms of these acknowledgedly "charming" individuals (when they want to be). Perhaps that is why one of the best, if not *the* best book on modern Japan was written by a woman who had never set foot in the country—Ruth Benedict. *The Chrysanthemum and the Sword* was not influenced by surface charm. Although Miss Benedict's wartime study of the complexities of the Japanese character may be out of date, *The People of Japan* is too loving and indulgent to update it. An honest, fundamentally accurate description of Japan today, it is, in the final analysis, also a rosy-hued picture of the country and its inhabitants seen through the eyes of a warm-hearted and forgiving grandmother.

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PERSONALS

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(Continued on page 76)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 75)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1700

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Handsome seed used as a bead, which contains a principle valuable in treating trachoma.	45 143 179 6 81 123 170 63 188
B. A person who stirs up people; a thing for mixing drinks.	79 98 68 126 191 16 55 88
C. Notched strip of cloth, usually red, formerly worn in the cap of licensed jesters.	49 62 100 34 166 64 200
D. One earldom of great British soldier, in recognition of Egyptian victory, 1898.	66 73 77 96 176 46 185
E. False.	151 171 124 182 104 195 97 47
F. Wine pitchers, rather cylindrical in shape.	44 60 13 99 168
G. Place Ophelia didn't get to.	61 180 153 150 115 3 84
H. Discoverer of large brown antarctic seal, among other things (1787-1834).	24 131 5 120 178 19 162
I. Member of the cool group, devotee of the far out in general (*Dict. of Amer. Slang*).	30 58 36 117 69 148 103
J. Describing many a diamond, traditionally; where no golfer likes to find himself (3 wds.)	141 159 114 174 35 160 138 26 90 43
K. Reality for which Rabelais was first to suggest accepting *good will* as replacement (2 wds.)	29 110 183 133 41 11 154
L. One thing Queen Victoria was as "Kaisar-i-Hind".	102 157 39 111 134 9 203
M. See WORD S.	15 204 113 78 186 32 167 31 122
N. Creature named Mii, in very popular book of a few seasons ago.	2 72 194 105 56
O. Music dir., rather—but not too—slow.	201 163 128 21 93 129 146 118 38
P. One thing which should be easily seen through.	7 14 106 197
Q. Where General Corse on the mountain received the famous signal of W. T. Sherman, October, 1864 (3 wds.)	17 109 54 155 67 86 74 137 198
R. Mitigation; also, term in sculpture.	192 82 140 121 20 1
S. Followed by WORD M, French decorative painter, 19th cent., known for murals in Sorbonne, Boston Public Library, etc. (2 wds.)	125 75 130 33 172 184 94
T. Capable of being easily spread or diffused.	202 51 142 37 107 83 181 23 156 91
U. One thing which helps, as New York's clean-up campaigns reiterate in their signs (2 wds. following *Every*).	40 165 8 147 112 80 18 71 48
V. British word for a child's daily studies.	59 108 12 135 85 187 193
W. Oblong yellowish fruit of a tree of central and southern U.S.	144 175 70 101 65 57
X. Thoroughly established word now which, a generation ago, was encountered chiefly in science fiction.	199 28 173 149 53 132 4 89 164
Y. Feel compunction.	177 190 27 196 52 92
Z. Followed by *the lions*, or *the winds*, discarded past recall (2 wds.)	136 169 10 119 42 25 76 127
Z^1. Sentence imposed to assure a punishment lasting a full twelve months (4 wds.)	189 161 50 22 158 116 95 145 87 152 139

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 R	2 N	3 G		4 X	5 H	6 A	7 P	8 U	9 L		10 Z	11 K	12 V	
13 F	14 P	15 M	16 B	17 Q	18 U	19 H	20 R		21 O	22 Z^1	23 T	24 H	25 Z	26 J	27 Y	28 X		
29 K	30 I	31 M		32 M	33 S	34 C	35 J		36 I	37 T	38 O	39 L	40 U	41 K		42 Z	43 J	
44 F		45 A	46 D	47 E	48 U		49 C	50 Z^1	51 T	52 Y	53 X	54 Q		55 B	56 N		57 W	
58 I	59 V	60 F		61 G	62 C	63 A		64 C	65 W	66 D	67 Q		68 B	69 I		70 W	71 U	
72 N	73 D	74 Q	75 S	76 Z		77 D		78 M	79 B	80 U	81 A	82 R	83 T	84 G		85 V	86 Q	
	87 Z^1	88 B	89 X	90 J	91 T		92 Y	93 O	94 S		95 Z^1	96 D	97 E	98 B		99 F	100 C	
101 W	102 L	103 I	104 E	105 N	106 P	107 T	108 V		109 Q	110 K	111 L	112 U	113 M	114 J	115 G	116 Z^1	117 I	
	118 O	119 Z		120 H	121 R	122 M	123 A	124 E	125 S	126 B		127 Z	128 O		129 O	130 S	131 H	
132 X		133 K	134 L	135 V	136 Z	137 Q	138 J	139 Z^1		140 R	141 J	142 T	143 A		144 W	145 Z^1	146 O	
147 U	148 I	149 X	150 G	151 E		152 Z^1	153 G	154 K		155 Q	156 T	157 L	158 Z^1	159 J		160 J	161 Z^1	
162 H	163 O	164 X	165 U	166 C	167 M	168 F	169 Z	170 A	171 E	172 S		173 X	174 J	175 W	176 D		177 Y	
178 H	179 A	180 G	181 T	182 E	183 K	184 S		185 D	186 M	187 V	188 A		189 Z^1	190 Y	191 B	192 R	193 V	
	194 N	195 E		196 Y	197 P	198 Q	199 X	200 C	201 O	202 T	203 L	204 M						

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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